

Alan Abrahamson

reporter

Alan Abrahamson has been a staff writer for the Los Angeles Times for five years.

Hired in July, 1989, he worked for three years for the now-defunct San Diego County edition, where he covered legal affairs and also did general assignment reporting. Since the beginning of 1993, he has been assigned to the Valley edition, again with an emphasis on legal affairs.

Abrahamson, who is also a lawyer, has covered several high-profile court cases for The Times, including the murder trials of the Menendez brothers and La Jolla socialite Betty Broderick. He also helped cover the 1992 execution of Robert Alton Harris.

His stories have won a variety of awards.

Before coming to The Times, Abrahamson worked at the Daily Journal, a legal newspaper in San Francisco; the Independent Press Service, a wire service operated by the Chicago Sun-Times; the Associated Press in Chicago, and the Jackson (Mich.) Citizen-Patriot.

Abrahamson was born Oct. 21, 1958, and raised in Dayton, Ohio. He attended Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., graduating with a BS in journalism in 1980. While in college, he worked as a part-time reporter at the News-Sun of Waukegan, Ill.; he also interned at the Bend (Ore.) Bulletin.

He earned his law degree in 1987 from the University of California's Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco. He is a member of the State Bar of California.

Abrahamson's wife, Laura, is an attorney at Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher in Century City. They have a daughter, Kayla Anne, born April 6, 1994.

Rebecca Andrade

library

From the home office in Culver City, here is Rebecca Andrade's Top 10 list of items from her personal, albeit not confidential, file:

10. Born in Manila, Philippines. Immigrated to U.S. at age 14.
9. Married to Dan Haley. Children: Sarah and James.
8. Favorites: place, Greece; music, "Fidelio"; sport, tennis; writer, Colin Wilson.
- Dislikes: Mornings, cooking.
- Phobias (former and current): Skylab and Shoemaker-Levy.
7. Heroes: Thurgood Marshall, Beryl Markham, Douglas MacArthur.
6. Things enjoyed before children (which I hope they never try): sky jumping, Pall Mall greens, Bombay Gin.
5. MLS degree: UCLA.
4. Most fascinating library job: Conservative Party Archive, Bodleian Library.
3. Lowest-paying job: Conservative Party Archive, Bodleian Library.
2. Other library jobs: Santa Monica Outlook, Torrance Daily Breeze, County of Los Angeles Public Library, Pasadena Public Library, UCLA.
1. Short-term goal: Full-time status.



Patrice Apodaca

business reporter

Entered this world in Whittier, in the same hospital where Tricia Nixon was born (years earlier, of course). Went to the junior high school that Richard Nixon once attended (many, many years earlier). Escaped Whittier with bleeding liberal heart intact, graduated UCLA with a degree in political science. Also attended UCLA Writers Program. Spent a few years writing for anyone who would pay me, mostly schlocky trade magazines in fields such as wine, photography, fashion, fitness. Joined Investor's Daily as a staff writer in 1984, covering real estate, then media and entertainment. Joined The Times in July, 1989, as a general assignment reporter in Valley Business section.

Live in L.A.'s Fairfax District. Favorite pastime: leaving L.A. Married to Robert Weinberger in May, 1986. Greatest achievement: son Bret, born November, 1990.



Michael Arkush

reporter

I was born in Albany, N.Y., Sept. 15, 1958.

Yes, I was one of those naive, impressionable, awe-stricken youths who gravitated toward journalism after watching "All the President's Men." I wanted to change the world, and I thought journalism could do it.

I attended the University of Michigan, majoring in political science, and graduated in 1980. I served as the editorial director of the student newspaper, The Michigan Daily, and covered the 1980 presidential campaign. For four months, I was one of the "Boys on the Bus," interviewing Reagan, Bush, Kennedy, Baker, Connally and Mondale. It was an incredible experience.

My first job was as a staff writer for the Flint Journal from 1981 to 1985, covering cops, schools and doing general assignment. In 1984, I went back to high school for a year at Davison, Mich., writing a series of stories about the Class of 1985. The series finished second in a state newspaper contest.

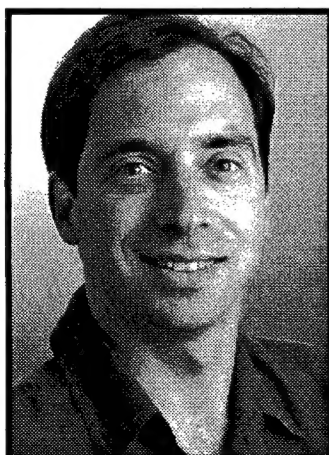
In 1987, I moved to California, with no prospects of employment. Now or never, I figured. For the first year here, I wrote movie reviews, features and was the golf writer for the Pasadena Star-News. I also read scripts for different movie studios. Then, in June of 1988, I started my tenure at the Los Angeles Times.

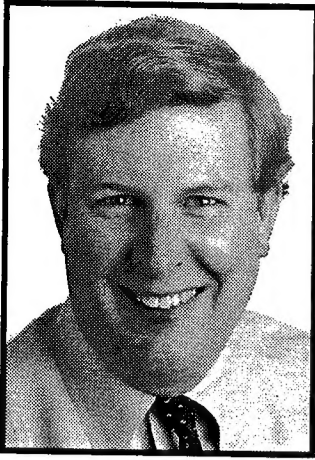
But I couldn't—and wouldn't—abandon my dream of becoming an author. Finally, in 1991, I achieved it. I released "60 Years of USC-UCLA Football," which I co-wrote with Times sportswriter Steve Springer. The book, published by Longmeadow, chronicled the rivalry between L.A.'s two top college football programs. The

foreword was written by O.J. Simpson and Gary Beban.

My second book, "Rush!" an unauthorized biography of Rush Limbaugh, came out in the fall of 1993 and spent two weeks on the New York Times Best-Seller list. The book was published by Avon Books.

I am married to actress Pauletta Walsh and have a stepdaughter, Jade Shipman. I live in Pacific Palisades.





John Arthur

Valley editor

John Arthur headed West, then South, then North.

I left New York in 1966 and never looked back. The first 20 years were spent in the Bay Area, except for two years in Boston, where I worked for a foundation and made a habit of attending opening day at Fenway Park.

My newspaper career started at a weekly in the East Bay. It went bankrupt. I moved to a tiny daily paper in bustling Pittsburg, Calif., first as a reporter, then editor. It was a great five years.

After that came the San Francisco Examiner city desk. I worked about two years at night, about two years on a 5 a.m. shift (seemed like a decade) and a few years as specialist editor. Colleagues there included such now-LAT luminaries as Tim Reiterman, Pete King, Maura Dolan, Connie Kang and OC's Topy Fiske.

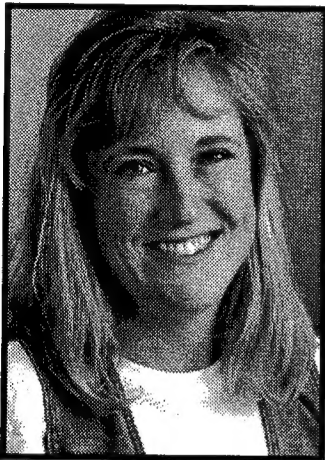
The Times beckoned in 1986. I had a great run in Orange County, working first for Narda Zacchino and then for Carol Stogsdill. While I was there, the edition expanded, adding staffers and many new features. After things calmed down a bit, I decided to indulge my taste for pure editing by seeking a spot on the national desk, where I worked for a bit more than a year.

In March, 1993, Carol asked me to come to the Valley to assist in the expansion. And what a ride THIS has been!

My father was a Giants fan, and I saw my first baseball game in New York's Polo Grounds. To this day, I hate the Dodgers.

My wife, Anne Eggebroten, a medievalist, teaches English at Mt. St. Mary's College in Brentwood and L.A. We have three daughters and the usual assortment of domestic animals.

Recently, a plane crashed in our back yard. What can I say?



Cindy Bagwell

assistant news editor

Cynthia Bagwell, Cindy to her friends and several utility companies.

Shortly after Cindy was born, her daddy stood with his nose pressed to the nursery window, staring at his beautiful bundle of joy in her hospital bassinet. "A future Miss Georgia," he mused happily. "Or even an Atlanta Falcons cheerleader." Then the nurse broke the terrible news: His daughter was the one spitting up in the NEXT crib. It's been like that ever since. Came to the Valley in January, '93 after bringing the virus that felled the Dallas Times Herald with her to the San Diego edition of The Times (so, while this expansion is all very nice, don't kid yourselves—it's just a matter of time).

Graduated from the University of Georgia in 1981, and have worked my way across the Beautiful South since, starting with Montgomery, Ala., then to the late, lamented DTH in '85, and later to the also late and lamented San Diego edition in '92. Was promoted to assistant news editor at the Valley edition in February, '94. Am the proud owner of a dog, Bud, who can sit, lie down, speak and be a dead dog, and a cat, Mike, who sleeps in the bathroom sink, though not necessarily on command.

Mayrene Barker

reporter

Now, I can't picture myself as a high school English teacher. But, at one time, that was my career goal. That's what young women who went to college did in the 1960s. They taught school. They didn't become journalists. Besides, my schoolteacher aunt said it wasn't a proper profession for a nice Southern girl.

But I had moved to the San Fernando Valley from Arkansas, where my family had lived for generations, when I was 13. And I had written for my junior high school paper and been an editor on the newspaper at San Fernando High School. So, by the time I got to Valley State College (now Cal State Northridge), I was hooked on journalism. An English Department counselor (an old newspaperman) encouraged me to try out for the Sundial, the school newspaper at CSUN, and I did. I changed my major the day I was named the paper's editor.

My first job was as a woman's page writer at the now-defunct Valley Times in North Hollywood. Within a year, I also was the assistant "woman's editor." Then, after the paper was combined with the Hollywood Citizen News, also now defunct, I was allowed to join the "cityside staff" reporting "real news." Remember, this was the 1960s.

Although I was promoted to the city desk at our small daily, I wanted more. I wanted to cover politics in Washington, or something like that. Among Los Angeles journalists then, the goal was to get hired by the Los Angeles Times or the Herald Examiner. I was hired by The Times in 1972. There were few women in the newsroom then, one or two at most. The others worked in the View section writing about weddings and social events or in the suburban sections, where most women reporters worked for "the women's pages." The suburban editor and the man who hired me at The Times had a rule: New female hires spent at least their first 18 months as a women's page staffer. I hated writing weddings and engagements, but I stuck it out. And, true to his word, the editor transferred me to a news beat after I'd served my 18-month sentence. In time, I filled in for the editor of the San Gabriel Valley and Glendale sections and became interested in editing. I transferred to the Valley Edition when it was created nearly 10 years ago because I love the excitement of working for a daily.

Along the way, I have won some writing awards from the Los Angeles and Valley press clubs, a state association of school boards and others, served as the first woman president of the old Valley Press Club and as president of the Los Angeles chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists.

I never made it to Washington, but I have enjoyed my job and consider my career a success, although it feels like I've come full circle back to the Valley. I enjoy working on the Valley Edition city desk. There's a new challenge every day. It's exciting to work with eager young people about to embark on a journalism career.

And I would have been a lousy English teacher!





Maggie Barnett
desk assistant

I Joined The Times in July, 1990. First worked in TV Times as a logger, then in the graphics library as a senior clerk, transferred to the San Diego edition as a desk assistant in Calendar and returned to the San Fernando Valley during the diaspora of 1993 as a desk assistant in Metro. (Whew!)

Professional artist for eight years before that (i.e., waitress, drywall finisher, school bus driver, studio assistant, color chemist [at a crooked cosmetics company: You've heard of Victoria Jackson, Cover Girl? Save your money], bio-lab technician [never buy generic drugs], and many, many more).

I've shown (paintings) with the Thomas Babeor Gallery in La Jolla, the American Gallery in Los Angeles, the Contemporary Arts Forum in Santa Barbara and others of a more dubious distinction. I have a master's in fine arts from UC Santa Barbara (1984).

I am the mother of Brandon Christopher Alexander Fernandez, who graduated this year with a bachelor's degree in fine arts (alias) from Humboldt State.

Oh yes, it's true. I was 12 when he was born.



Leslie Berger
reporter

Born in New York City, the only child of overprotective, somewhat neurotic Jewish immigrants. Moved with same to Florida, to live among the safety/boredom of old people. Gradually migrated back North, after college at Emory University in Atlanta. Armed with an English degree, decided journalism a good way to avoid destiny as an overprotective, somewhat neurotic Jewish matron.

Interned at the Washington Post.

First real job at the Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal, where revealed in the unfolding story of a serial killer. On to The (Bergen County, N.J.) Record for more delicious perversity, this time in local government and with a baseball bat-wielding high school principal named Joe Clark. Then, briefly, an exciting life of sleaze at the New York Post.

Have meanwhile married Ken Drucker, aka the Saint, who agrees to move to Los Angeles. Joined the Times Valley edition in July, 1989. Gave birth to Jacob Raoul Drucker in 1992. Reside in Topanga Canyon with both Druckers and a golden retriever named Jonas, living the life of an overprotective, neurotic Jewish parent.



Jill Bettner
reporter

Born in New Castle, Ind., home of the world's largest high school field house, 1950. Reporter, campus editor I.U. Daily Student; graduated anyway, 1972.

Began checkered career: Arlington Heights (Ill.) Daily Herald, four years; Continental Bank, Chicago, speech writer, two years; Business Week, N.Y., two years; the Wall Street Journal, N.Y., Chicago, two years; Forbes, Chicago bureau chief, two years; the Wall Street Journal, L.A., four years. Also brief stint as private eye for Kroll Associates, L.A.

Joined The Times April, 1993, as business writer; currently Valley Metro general assignment reporter.

Married since 1984 to Tony Magee, reformed banker and avid sailor. Also crazy about three step-grand-daughters, Bailey, Theresa and Taylor; Dalmatian named Molly and cat named Cleo.

Ocean view from deck of tiny Hermosa Beach bungalow makes having two closets—and commute to Chatsworth—bearable most of the time.

Patricia Ward Biederman
Valley Life! reporter

Master's in English, University of Wisconsin. Came to The Times in September, '84, when the Valley edition went daily. Previous papers: the Buffalo Courier-Express of blessed memory and the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. Was a columnist and magazine writer, among other things. At The Times, have been general assignment in the Valley, the Suburban education writer and, most recently, general assignment in the Westside, where I covered the weird, culture and my share of two beats we made up—Money, Greed and Power and Is This a Great Town, or What? Currently a staff writer in Valley Life!



David Brady
desk assistant

Call me Ishmael. I write obituaries.

A lifelong smartass, I was born in Pomona and raised in the nearby Inland Empire hamlet of Upland. Mine was a clumsy childhood, with bloody trophies, including a broken nose, collarbone, arm and 13 stitches in my head. All this from a fat kid who liked to read.

My formative years were spent committing a variety of white-collar crimes involving computers, telephones and explosives. During other adventures, I was arrested for prowling, thrown out of Disneyland and met David Letterman after sneaking into KNBC. This, my parents informed me, was why I wasn't allowed to drive until I was nearly 18.

I chose journalism as my life's work after carefully reviewing my high school transcript and realizing that English was the only subject I didn't suck in. It hasn't let me down so far.

In 1986, I immigrated to the strange and mysterious San Fernando Valley after picking Cal State Northridge sight unseen. Six years later, I emerged with degrees in journalism and film, and a handful of awards to reassure my parents that I'd turned out OK.

Talents? I'm cursed with an amazing recall for stupid, useless trivia, particularly movie and television minutiae. And, as the office already knows, I can recite Dr. Seuss' "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" from memory.

In addition, I've also developed a bizarre fascination for "The Brady Bunch" and count the time I snuck onto the Paramount Studios lot and spent the day with the reunited cast as one of my most fond memories.

I joined the happy chaos that is The Times Valley edition in April of 1993 by being in the right place at the right time. They keep me pretty busy around here, but I don't mind too much.



Kenneth Broder

news editor

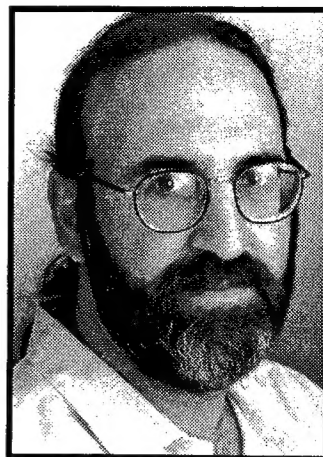
Joined The Times as a Metro copy editor in '89. Became a news editor in the San Fernando

Valley office in '90 for start-up of the daily Ventura edition. Primary duties switched to the Valley edition in April, '94.

Before coming to The Times, served four years as news editor, slot and copy editor for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. In '88, wrote baseball column for sports department in addition to other duties. Was A-section news editor on final edition when the paper closed in '89.

Prior experience included reporting and desk work for the Pasadena Star-News and Victor Valley Daily Press.

Born in Michigan and received bachelor's degree in political science from Michigan State University. Graduate work at Indiana University. Moved to California in late '70s. Married with one child.



Melinda Brown

copy editor

I'm a second-generation Angeleno who grew up on the Westside. My encounters with writing occurred at various times while growing up, including



concocting short stories, putting out a neighborhood sheet for my block, then working on the junior high newspaper and the Warrior at University High, where I was also campus correspondent to the Santa Monica Outlook. Although Uni is right in UCLA's back yard, I opted to go across town to USC to major in journalism.

I worked as a reporter and assistant editor on the Daily Trojan for three semesters, but quit when I got a "real" job as a part-time reporter at the Outlook. This worked into several other assignments while in school, including editing the weekly youth section and subbing for the entertainment editor on what seemed like a full-time basis.

Upon graduation, the Outlook came through again, hiring me to cover a new municipal beat. I then covered education until my city editor took me with him to the copy desk, where I handled a number of jobs. Along the way, the paper was sold to Copley, which eventually moved the copy desk to Torrance. After a number of years in Santa Monica—and seven months in Torrance—it was finally time to move on.

Enter The Times. I started working four days a week on the Valley copy desk in August, 1987, becoming full-time the following April. Since then, I've rimmed, slotted, liaised, news edited and coded my way through the days.

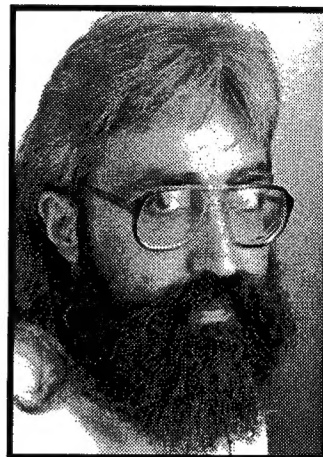
But it's not all work and no play. I do Scottish country dancing and met my husband in Scotland in 1982. We married three years later and have a son, Colin, born in December, 1989. We also share an interest in horses; in addition to riding, we breed thoroughbreds for show jumping. We moved back to the Westside last year after six years in Simi Valley, but we headed back to Simi this summer.

I also enjoy travel, going to SC football games, Dodger games, skiing, needlepoint, reading and taking ballet, and the antics of our cat, Goomba Fipston.

Steve Brown

copy editor

I was hired for The Times Valley edition copy desk in the spring of 1990. Before then, I had worked for a dozen years on the copy desk of the Salt Lake Tribune in Utah. Those are the high points of my professional life. With the exception of my wonderful marriage to a former circus entertainer, my personal life is equally uneventful.



Kim Bui

copy editor

I had a pretty exciting childhood. Some would even say it's fascinating. I was born in Da Nang during the Vietnam War, surrounded by violence, gore and corruption. And even though bombings and blood were as common to me as dodge ball and camping trips are to other kids, I had a very sheltered childhood. And then came 1975. My family escaped Vietnam only a few days before the official fall of Saigon. I was only a child, but I remember the boat trip well. It was a rocky journey filled with sickness, fear, loneliness and uncertainty. And on many nights, passengers of smaller, less sturdy boats would attack us with gunfire, hoping to gain access to our bigger boat.

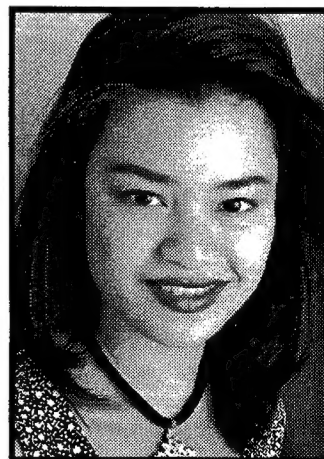
After a month or so, the trip was over and we ended up in a refugee camp in Guam. And from there, we were on our way to America. At this point, all the excitement pretty much disappeared from my life. My family moved around a lot and finally settled in New Orleans.

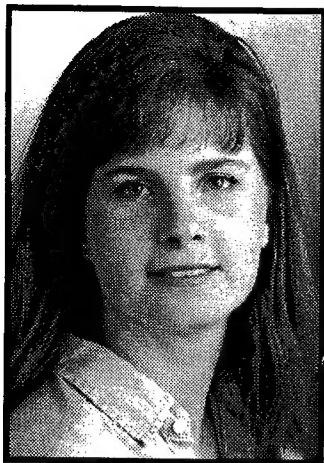
Nothing much happened since then. I got tired of the humidity and private schools (my parents thought that the influence of nuns would deter me from my tomboyish ways) and un-enrolled myself before my senior year of high school began. I managed to get back the non-refundable prepaid tuition and used part of that for a one-way ticket to San Diego, where I attended my last year of high school.

That led to a scholarship to USC's School of Journalism and jobs at the San Diego Union, the San Diego Tribune, the Long Beach Press-Telegram and, eventually, The Times.

And to answer those of you who have asked: No, I don't know what I want to be 10 years from now.

I have three brothers and three sisters. I'm exactly five feet tall (no heels). And my life's motto: "Innocent until I confess."





Rebecca Bryant

copy editor

My entry onto the Valley copy desk in June ended a long and circuitous journey that started in 1992 when I resigned my job as City Hall reporter for the Tampa Tribune to travel in Mexico and Central America.

After graduating with a bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of Florida, I was hired as a page designer and copy editor at the Winter Haven News Chief in a town known for Boston Red Sox spring training and retirees.

At the Lakeland Ledger, a New York Times-owned paper, I was travel and books editor, and news editor and slot for the Life/Style features section.

I started at the Tribune as a copy editor, news editor and slot for the state desk, which put out eight daily regional sections. I later moved to a regional bureau, covering everything from state-sanctioned alligator hunts to police corruption and a housing authority chief who couldn't figure out how many units she had available. After five months as the Metro night cops reporter, I moved on to Tampa City Hall.

My then-fiance, Geoff Mohan, who covered Latin America as a Tribune staffer, and I later resigned in order to travel. We packed up our Isuzu Trooper on April Fool's Day and headed to Belize to crew for a group of American cyclists riding in the 146-mile Tour of Belize. (The year before, with Geoff on the team, they'd won a bull in a stage sprint.)

While living in Chiapas, Mexico, we got word that Geoff had a fellowship to the USC Center for International Journalism. So we drove north. After nine months at USC, we headed to Mexico City and Cuba as part of the USC program. During these travels, my articles and/or photographs were published in the Tribune, Caribbean Travel & Life and the Philadelphia Inquirer.

We returned to California mainly because that's where we'd parked the Trooper and began stringing for the Valley edition in September.

Geoff now works as a correspondent for Nuestro Tiempo. We live in Silver Lake with Hannah, an unruly Labrador.

Before, during or after these events—as hobby or job—I have shoveled manure, gone to London to study Marxism, worked as a disc jockey at an AM radio station, competed in dressage and hunter/jumper equestrian events, given myself a crew cut, studied piano, dyed elderly women's hair, sang in an alternative music band and repeated for eight hours a day into a phone:

"Would you say you will definitely, probably, maybe, probably not or definitely not see this movie?"



Charles Carter

op-ed editor

I inhabit an office on the first floor, where I assemble the Valley op-ed page, handle letters and preside over the weekly Valley interview.

I graduated from Northwestern University in 1964. My first job was as a reporter at the Denver Post, where I stayed till 1972. Then I moved across town to the Rocky Mountain News. I was briefly a reporter, then assistant city editor, editorial writer and city editor. I came to The Times in 1981 and have been South Bay editor, assistant suburban editor and, from 1984 until 1993, Valley edition editor.

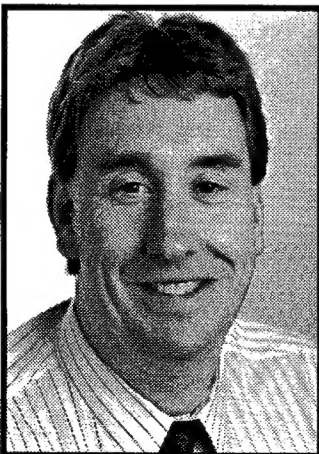
Elise Cassel

copy editor

I joined The Times Valley edition in 1992 as a copy editor after a year on the news and feature desks at the Daily News. Before that, I spent several years at the Oakland Tribune, where I held jobs ranging from editorial writer to copy and wire editor for suburban, food, lifestyle, home and travel sections. I met my husband, Juan Hovey, there, and we raised our two daughters in a great house in beautiful Orinda, which we still dearly miss.

I have a degree in journalism from the University of Illinois, Urbana, and worked for five years at the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as a feature writer. To cure burnout, I spent one year living in Israel, managing stops in Kenya, Turkey and Greece before coming to California.

I live with my family in the Westlake area of Thousand Oaks, artfully located midway between the Valley and Ventura edition offices.



John Chandler

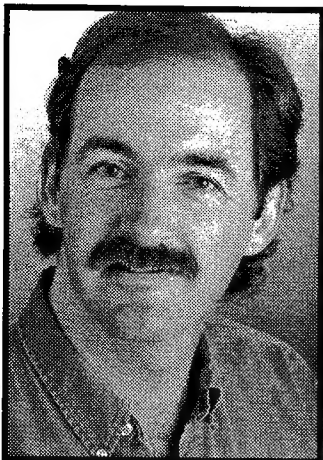
reporter

A Times reporter since mid-1989, John is assigned to cover higher education for the Valley edition. Prior to assuming that beat in November, 1993, he spent more than four years covering the Antelope Valley region for the Valley edition after opening the Palmdale bureau with (now Times San Diego) reporter Sebastian Rotella.

Prior to The Times, John from mid-1985 to mid-1989 covered Los Angeles City Hall for the now-defunct Los Angeles Herald Examiner with (Valley edition reporter) John Schwada. Earlier stints included nearly two years covering Los Angeles city and county government for Copley News Service and the same beat previously with City News Service.

John has a bachelor's degree in mass communications from Pepperdine University, but spent most of his college days (three years) at Loyola Marymount University in Westchester and served as editor of the campus's weekly newspaper. He lives in Palmdale with spouse Gloria Lam, a former reporter and press secretary for ex-Los Angeles City Councilman Mike Woo.

John has shown a penchant for dogging the miscues of politicians and bureaucrats. One conflict-of-interest series led the state's political watchdog agency to fine a councilman who was later defeated at the polls. Another recounted the shoplifting episode of a councilwoman, who also was defeated. And John wrote an in-depth series of articles on child abuse and murders in the Antelope Valley that prompted government reforms.



Jack Cheevers
reporter

Born on the day Puerto Rican terrorists shot up Congress in 1954. Survived Irish Catholic upbringing outside Boston, not to mention little sister from hell.

Assigned self, at age 18, to cover 1972 Republican National Convention for hometown newspaper (circulation: 2,500). Showed up at RNC press office in Miami in cutoffs and Charlie Manson hair, was laughed out of the building by Young Americans for Freedom

thugs.

Survived five years at Berkeley. Studied history and political science until realizing that the best-looking girls were all in art history. Studied art history. Survived city editorship at Daily Cal, wrote gleefully of Patty Hearst kidnapping.

Survived jobs with AP and UPI in San Francisco. Talked self into job at the Oakland Tribune; covered labor, features and City Hall. Despite collaboration with Richard Colvin, managed to win national investigative prize for uncovering management scandals at local community colleges.

Overcome by temporary insanity, agreed to leave gorgeous Bay Area for icky Los Angeles and The Times in 1989; assigned to Val political beat. After four years of Alan Robbins and Ed Davis, switched to medicine and science.

Enjoys snorkeling, blues, beer drinking and competitive reading. Gets headaches at the mere mention of organized sports or religion.



Vivien Lou Chen
reporter

I was born in Hollywood to Taiwanese parents who had moved to this country just a few years before.

Hollywood, unexpectedly, played an important role in getting me started in journalism.

I went to one of the most architecturally beautiful high schools in the country, John Marshall High School, which is used as a backdrop for

many movies, television shows and commercials.

For fun during class hours, I'd sneak onto the sets and interview the stars, thinking of one day becoming a correspondent for some show like "Entertainment Tonight." (Thank God I didn't grow up in small-town Iowa, or I might have been influenced by hog farmers.)

My efforts got me to USC before it canceled its 100% financial aid commitment. And from there, it's been a nonstop ride on internships with the Orange County Register, Daily Breeze, the Oregonian, the Los Angeles Times in Orange County and the Washington Post.

I spent a year in Des Moines, where I often struggled to explain that I am Taiwanese—not Thai, Japanese or Filipina.

Now that I'm in the San Fernando Valley doing general assignment, I often struggle to explain to people that I've just gotten back from Iowa—not Idaho or Ohio.

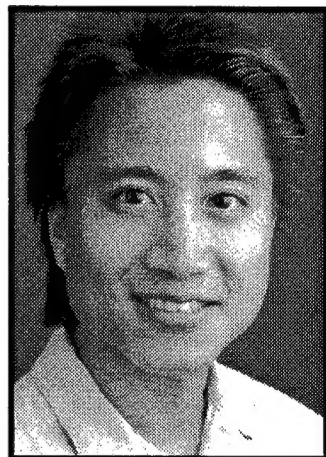
Henry Chu
reporter

Born at the age of 0 in Indianapolis, but consigned to life behind the Orange Curtain in Southern California not long afterward. Fled to college in Cambridge, Mass., later and then even farther east, to England, for study abroad my junior year.

Mistakenly believed a BA in British history and literature from Harvard and clips from my junior high school paper, "The Celtic Scene," would blow open the doors to top newsrooms around the country. Quickly despaired of finding a job after graduation in 1990, landed a summer internship at a daily in Virginia, but opted instead for Metro at The Times, a godsend.

Had cameos in the San Gabriel Valley section and the Orange County edition before coming to the Valley edition in 1991, serving first as a temporary reporter and then getting tenure in 1993.

Still make a pilgrimage to London at least once every two years and enjoy traveling out of the country. Play the piano, play at tennis, shuck reading too often in favor of TV and generally revel in being the black sheep of my family by not pursuing a career in math or chemistry.



David Colker
reporter

David Colker is one of God's little jokes: a gay man who can't decorate. But he likes to garden, cook, go to his book club, scuba and run (it's easy to start a running program—he's done it dozens of times). He is even out of the closet as a computer nerd and is writing the "Cyburbia" home computer column

that made its debut in May in the Life & Style section. He does not wear pocket protectors.

Formerly at the late Los Angeles Herald Examiner, where he was a reporter and the paper's last book editor, David came to The Times in 1988. He is now a reporter and occasional desk editor for the Valley Metro section.

Proudest work achievements: investigative piece on the church in Lancaster that puts out nationally distributed anti-gay/lesbian videos and breaking the story about numerous artworks missing from the Southwest Museum. He was also the last reporter to interview Liberace (this is, indeed, a crazy profession).

David is a founding member of the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Assn.

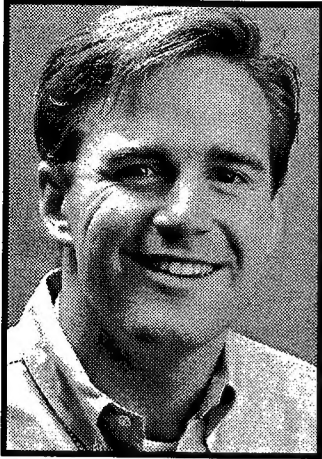
Cynthia H. Craft
Sacramento reporter

After some false career starts as a young adult, I decided newspapers were the place for me. Since then, three of the four papers I've worked for full-time have folded their tents—a pattern, I'm sure, that merely reflects coincidence.

During the last two years of a meandering quest for a journalism degree at Ohio State University, I was a stringer for the Cleveland Plain Dealer's Capitol bureau. In 1979, I worked briefly for the (late) Painesville Telegraph in northern Ohio. I moved on to the (late) Columbus Citizen-Journal as a reporter and then an editor. From there, I moved to the (late) Dallas Times Herald as an assistant state editor and then state editor. Finally I came to The (thank God, still standing) Times in 1987.

Among my proudest accomplishments are Kyle, age 6, and Ben, age 2, the driving forces of my life (after my job). Among my most unprized possessions is a seven-foot-tall inflatable Gumby that Peter and I received for a wedding present—my first taste of Scott Harris' subtle humor.





Aaron Curtiss

reporter

Aaron Curtiss was born and reared in The Valley. Not the San Fernando Valley. The Valley, the San Joaquin Valley, the bread and fruit and dairy basket of the world. It was a simple, peaceful place to grow up—a place where folks still park their cars on the front lawn and where the World Wrestling Federation still packs them in.

A product of local public schools (everyone except the children of Los Angeles Equity refugees goes to public school in Visalia), Curtiss moved to Los Angeles at 17 to attend USC and study journalism and history. Four years later, he graduated. (Four years after that, he's still paying for it.) He continues to study history at UCLA and urban planning at UC Santa Barbara.

He came to The Times first as an intern in 1988, then returned for good in 1990—first as an intern, then as a two-year temporary reporter and finally as a permanent staff writer. Prior to that, he held internships at the Tulare Advance-Register, the Fresno Bee, USA Today and the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

Curtiss met his wife in true journalistic fashion: while covering a story. (It was about the Pickwick Ice Arena in Burbank.) They live in Sherman Oaks with their cat—Espresso—and five goldfish—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo and Karl. Curtiss is an avid camper, hiker, runner, bicyclist, reader and Lego builder.

The Legos are another story.

Saul Daniels

copy editor

I was born in the small Hudson River town of Kingston, N.Y., on Dec. 1, 1948. By Dec. 7, I was out of town. I've been on the move ever since.

I've lived in Fresh Meadows, N.Y.; East Meadow, N.Y.; Kent, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Montreal; Syracuse, N.Y.; Binghamton, N.Y.; Oakland Park, Fla.; Miami, Fla.; Plantation, Fla.; Orlando, Fla.; Marina del Rey, Calif.; Mission Hills, Calif.; Bridgewater, N.J.; North Plainfield, N.J., and Chatsworth, Calif.

I was graduated by Kent State University to the sound of bullets, and am co-author of an Avon book about the shootings. I earned my master's in journalism at Syracuse University, and I have studied law.

My wife, Judi, is a former Times news editor. We have two kids. One of each.

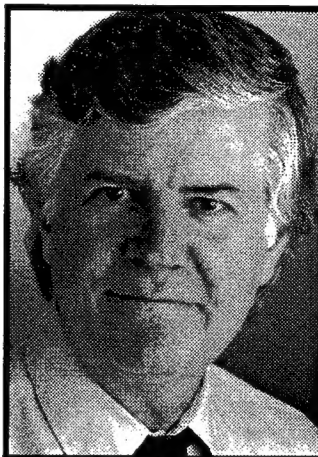
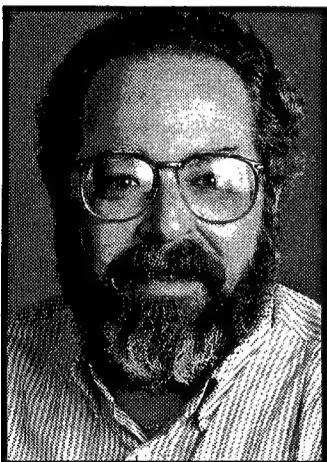
I've been a copy boy and stringer for the New York Times, a newsman and editor for the Associated Press, a reporter and assistant feature editor for the Binghamton Sun-Bulletin, and a reporter and news editor for the Miami Herald. I was chief

news editor and graphics editor for the Orlando Sentinel. I taught editing and graphics at CSUN; was Sunday editor, news editor, graphics editor and systems editor for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, and was assistant managing editor for the Bridgewater Courier-News.

I arrived at the Los Angeles Times on Leap Year Day, 1988, and have bounced around various desk and news editing jobs in the Metro, financial and suburban operations, Orange County edition, San Diego edition and the Valley/Ventura editions.

Now I drive a Mac.

My fondest memory: giving HerEx editor Mary Anne Dolan a black eye.



John Dart

reporter

When I applied to The Times in 1967, then-city editor Bill Thomas said no GA spot was open, but I could have a vacant religion writing spot if I wanted it. Despite no previous experience, professional or personal, in religion, I welcomed a specialty beat.

Back when most people in The Times city room got nicknames, I was "Son of God," or SOG for short. "God" then (although never addressed to his face that way) was the late Dan Thrapp, the veteran religion writer who retired in 1975. A later colleague was Russ Chandler, who retired in 1991.

I covered national and local religion stories until 1991, when I was transferred to the Valley, where I cover religion about 90% of the time.

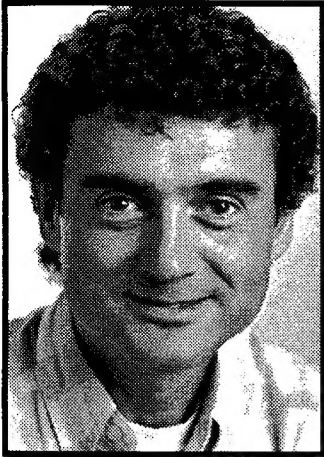
I was asked by the Freedom Forum First Amendment Center at Vanderbilt to research and write a study during the 1992-93 academic year of tensions between the news media and religion. The Times granted leave time and I lived in Nashville for nine months. The report continues to receive press/TV coverage since its release in September.

Raised in White Plains, N.Y., I studied journalism at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where I married Gloria Walker. (We have four kids, one still at home.) Joined the Army for three years to avoid the draft; they taught me Russian for a year and I spent 18 months in northern Japan fighting the Cold War. Fortunately, this was between Korea and Vietnam. Worked for UPI in Indianapolis (briefly) and Los Angeles (nearly four years, including Watts riot coverage and some Dodger games) before joining the news bureau at Caltech in 1966 for a year as a science writer.

Was president of the Los Angeles chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists in 1976 and president 1990-92 of the national Religion Newswriters Assn. Wrote "The Jesus of Heresy and History" for Harper.

Had some respites from the religion beat: a delightful Stanford fellowship for journalists 1973-74 and 18 months of part-time coverage of fencing for The Times' sports department before and during the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles.

My interests have been limited outside of work and family, but have maintained tournament-level ability in table tennis.



Ricardo DeAratanha

photographer

I started in photography in Brazil influenced by my brother, who was a newspaper reporter and an amateur photographer. I moved to Sao Paulo to attend Anhembi College of Communications and I had an internship at Jornal Do Brasil, a major Brazilian newspaper.

From there, I went to work as an assistant at a large studio that specialized in everything from fashion, food and products to major productions for advertising. With that experience, I went out on my own to free-lance for magazines. I traveled to the U.S. by land, taking pictures along the way to build up a stock library that later landed me a contract with the Image Bank of New York City.

I took photography classes at Cabrillo College in Santa Cruz and a series of photojournalism classes at San Francisco City College.

I got married in 1979 and, in 1981, my wife and I embarked on what would be a two-year trip around the world. I photographed for a New York stock agency in South America, Africa, India, Nepal, Southeast Asia and Japan.

Back in the U.S., we settled in L.A., where I attended Los Angeles City College to take a class in color technology and color printing.

Before coming to the Los Angeles Times, I free-lanced for the Seattle Times, San Francisco Chronicle, Glendale News-Press and AP.

I have participated in book projects for Collins Publishers such as "A Day in the Life of California," "A Day in the Life of Italy," "Jews in America," "One Earth" and "In Pursuit of Ideas."

I recently separated from my wife of 14 years. I am enjoying my son and daughter, and life goes on.

Lorine Dempster

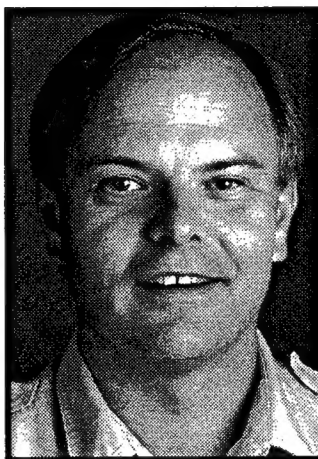
PBX operator

Lorine Dempster, a fifth-generation Californian, started with The Times classified department in July of 1969 while attending the formerly named Woodbury College.

It was at the Los Angeles Times that she met her husband of 21 years, Mike Dempster. In October of 1975, she left The Times to give birth to Steven and two years later she gave birth to Nicole. They live in Woodland Hills.

In April of 1981, she returned to The Times. She has worked the main switchboard as well as the Valley editorial message center since August, 1984, when the editorial offices opened.

She enjoys many forms of art, particularly sketching, as well as painting, constructing and decorating miniature Victorian dollhouses.



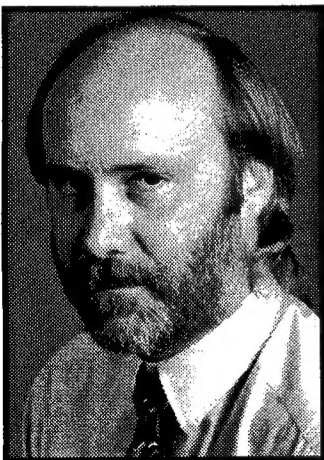
Richard Derk

photographer

Richard Derk was born and raised in Chicago. He comes to the Los Angeles Times by way of Catholic grammar school (Thomas Kelly High School), MacMurray College, University of Illinois (finance major), Rockford Newspapers (Illinois), Suburban Trib, Chicago Daily News, Chicago Sun-Times and free-lancer for national magazines/newspapers/corporations.

Derk (as he is called) lives in a paranoid state fearing that his drive and/or creativity will die before he does.

He is a 20-year marriage vet to photojournalist Anne Cusack and is the father of three demanding little people with whom he loves to spend time.



Joe Eckdahl

executive news editor

Joe Eckdahl joined the Valley operation as a news editor on April 15, 1993, just days before the expansion. In his role as news editor, Eckdahl has worked primarily on the Valley section, but has also edited the Ventura sections and the A section.

Eckdahl joined The Times from the Houston Post, where he served as executive news editor for three years. In

Houston, Eckdahl supervised a staff of 30 editors who put out the main news section, the local section and the business section. He was responsible for assigning news value to all news stories and worked closely with the art and photo departments, as well as working with the city desk in developing daily and long-range budgets.

He joined the staff of the Houston Post after the demise of the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, where he also served as executive news editor. While at the Herald, he also worked as news editor, Sunday editor, stocks final editor, slot and copy editor.

Eckdahl began his journalism career at the Hollywood Reporter, where he held the positions of associate editor, news editor, copy editor, GA reporter, and film, television and theater critic.

Eckdahl is a graduate of USC, where he holds a BA in cinema production, history and criticism. He did graduate studies at USC in propaganda filmmaking and at UCLA in documentary filmmaking. He studied journalism at Southern Oregon State College.

Steve Elling

sportswriter

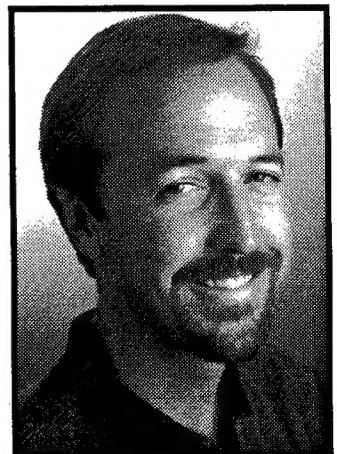
Since this is my bio, does that mean it won't be edited?

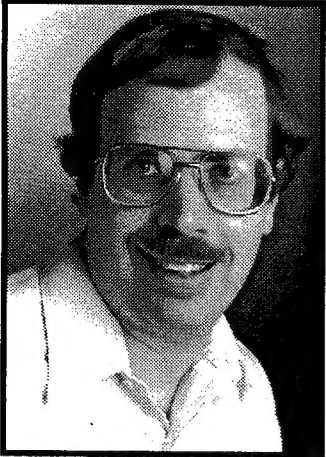
Born in Needles, grew up in Barstow ... and everybody wonders why I have a dry sense of humor. Worked at a couple of nondescript weenie papers before starting at The Times as a lowly intern in 1986 while attending grad school at Pepperdine.

Eventually schmoozed my way into a full-time job. Hobbies include kicking our desk's collective butt at golf and gloating openly about it. Play electric guitar, too. What I lack in technical skill is offset by sheer volume. This also applies to my mouth at times.

Lived for seven years in the South Bay, then foolishly relocated to Canyon Country, where TransAms and Camaros go to die. Have never written a book or anything. Sometimes, though, I am compelled to write stuff for our section.

Hey, does this count as a byline story?





Fred Eisenhammer

sports copy editor

I'm a Chicago native who earned a degree in journalism at the University of Illinois. I began my professional career as a sportswriter at the Pekin Daily Times in Pekin, Ill., near Peoria. I was promoted to assistant sports editor after three months and, after a year, I departed for greener pastures in California.

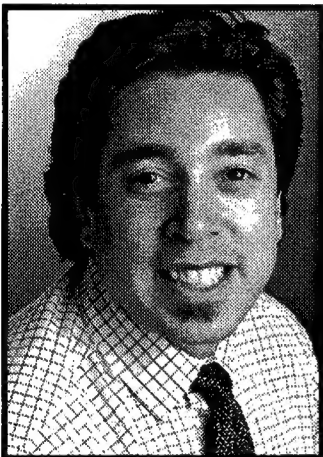
I hooked on with the Valley News & Green Sheet, which later changed its name to the Valley News, then the Daily News. When I started, it was a four-day-a-week paper. I began as a sportswriter and later was given a two-day-a-week local column, the forerunner of Eric Sondheimer's prep column, and a prep football predictions column. Afterward, I worked at the Daily News as a news copy editor, assistant regional editor, assistant Neighbors editor, then editor of the Neighbors sections. Neighbors, as you may or may not recall, consisted of 14 sections of weekly community news and represented the entire Valley area. It was a nice section while it lasted, but, unfortunately, it didn't. Coincidentally, I notified the Daily News that I was leaving to become a sports copy editor for the Los Angeles Times in Orange County on the same day that the Daily News notified me that the Neighbors section was collapsing.

So instead of commuting one mile to the Daily News in Woodland Hills, I began commuting 132 miles round-trip from my Woodland Hills home to The Times' Orange County plant in Costa Mesa. That's not even close to a modern-day Times record, but it sure seemed that way trying to battle the Ventura and San Diego freeways. Let's just say, on rainy days, it could take four hours.

My worst day commuting certainly was the time an individual dropped a block of granite in front of my car while I was on the San Diego Freeway returning home to the Valley from Orange County. Fortunately, the missile missed landing on my car. Unfortunately, I drove over it and it destroyed the underside of my car.

On the personal side, I live in Agoura Hills with my wife, Arlene, and 11-year-old son, Eric, who just got his first story printed in his junior high newspaper. I've co-authored a book, "College Football's Most Memorable Games," with Sondheimer. It's still in print, by the way, in case you're looking for a gift idea.

Actually, my favorite sport is baseball and I've signed a contract for a second book, "Baseball's Most Memorable Trades." I'm also fond of the martial arts and earned my green belt (it goes white, yellow, orange, blue, green, red and black, for those keeping track) in Taekwondo two years ago. I've since given up the sport to save money on crutches, but I'm hoping to bring the Chinese martial art of T'ai Chi to the Valley and perhaps a class in CPR.



Sam Enriquez

reporter

An L.A. story.

Daniel Freeman Hospital to Denker Avenue and Florence to 78th Place to 61st and Buckler to 6th Avenue and Manchester to Portuguese Bend to UCSD to San Francisco State to Cal State Dominguez Hills to the Easy Reader Newspaper in Hermosa Beach to the L.A. Times in the San Fernando Valley.

Transportation history: 1972 Mazda (totaled), 1967 VW square-back, 1972 Toyota Corona Mk II (totaled), 1970 GMC Gremlin, 1971 Buick Century, 1979 VW Dasher (diesel), 1977 Toyota Corona wagon, 1982 Toyota Tercel wagon.

Favorite quote: "The blues, like haiku—and newspaper writing, for that matter—the art is in the form."

Longest-held resentment: Times art writer Suzanne Muchnic gave me my only C in junior high school; seventh-grade arts and crafts.

Richard Esposito

copy editor/liaison

Chapter 1—The Early Years: I was born the fifth of six sons on Nov. 10, 1958, in Philadelphia. We lived in the upper two floors of a three-story row home that once housed the family's soda business, Primo Beverages. Drank a lot of soda, and got the fear of the Lord beaten into me by nuns and priests through 12 years of Catholic education. My first real job: delivering the Evening Bulletin.

Chapter 2—On the Road: I decided at age 18 to split for San Francisco. Spent a month there (let's just say gaining experience) and realized that I'd better learn how to do something in order to make a place for myself in this cockamamie world. So I went home, enrolled at Temple University, dropped out and waited tables. Later, I attended Florida State in Tallahassee, then took a break from higher education to move back to San Francisco.

Chapter 3—A Light Switches On, Part 1: On a date for Chinese New Year (February, 1980) in San Francisco's Chinatown, I found true love, which unfortunately sat none too well with my love object's friend, the woman I was then dating. One thing led to several others and, on Aug. 27, 1983, I married Laura Slavens. Best move I ever made.

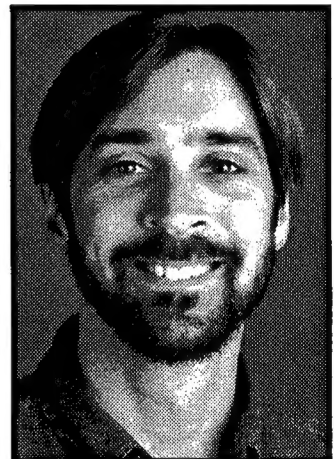
Part 2: My efforts to drift aimlessly at San Francisco State were derailed when I discovered news writing. Filled with the joy of having finally found a niche full of misfits like me, I dove into the journalism program and, after foolishly leaving the Bay Area for Southern California, finally earned my BA at Cal State Dominguez Hills in June, 1983.

Chapter 4—A Living Resume: Spent three years in my first job writing news and features, dummied pages and doing whatever else was needed at the Palos Verdes Peninsula News, a twice-weekly. Detoured into P.R. for a couple of years to do publicity and sports information at El Camino College in Torrance. Veered back into the fold again in February, 1988, through the back door into The Times as a special sections writer, and later got promoted to assistant editor. Had fun. Worked hard. Then Art Dolgin called.

Chapter 5—Down in the Valley: I joined the Valley edition copy desk in October, 1992, and immediately began milking my 100-mile-a-day commute for all the sympathy I could get. Either to give me a break or to just get rid of me, the man in the glass office later sent me to L.A. to join Barbara Thomas' Leatherneck Liaison Corps, where I spend three or four shifts each week force-feeding Valley and Ventura edition pages through the production process. Still having fun. Still working hard.

Chapter 6—The Best Part: Gianna Marie Esposito, born March 18, 1993. You should see this kid.

Epilogue—Back to the Beach: By the time this screed gets printed, me and mine will have fled Long Beach and gotten nicely ensconced in Redondo Beach.





Jeanne Feeney
copy editor

Along the way here, I've been an art student (Chouinard Art Institute), modeled, calibrated resistors, sold pizzas and edited a book on Valley history.

I've worked as a reporter/photographer and editor for weekly newspapers in the San Fernando Valley, where I've lived all my life.

Was city editor, then managing editor, of the Newhall Signal, working with Scott and Ruth Newhall. Followed them to their

"alternative" paper, which quickly folded, sending me begging to the Herald Examiner, which did likewise.

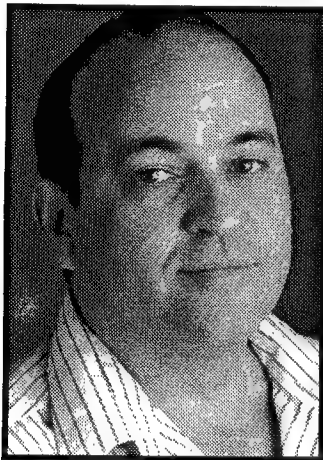
Have been at The Times going on five years now without applying for a job downtown.



Joyce Foxworth
administrative aide

Foxworth, Joyce (faks wurth, jois) n. 1. The one everyone complains to, from payroll mistakes to "there's a dirty plate on my desk." 2. Editorial slave. 3. Office mother. 4. Office party planner extraordinaire. 5. Is most often greeted with the phrase, "Hi, I want..." 6. Follows the "one more mile on the Stairmaster for every cranky reporter/editor" rule. 7. Video game whiz. 8. Shopping expert, often referred to as Ms.

Consumer. 9. Graduated from the school of Shorts Are Appropriate All Year-Round. 10. Yearly recipient of the Sarcasm and Bluntness Award. 11. Supermom to 10-going-on-16-year-old Jennifer. 12. Superwife to husband Michael.



Jim Fowler
Valley Life! desk assistant

I was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1950. My father was from the hills of Tennessee. My mother was from the lowlands of Brooklyn. They fought a lot.

I was raised in Bay Shore, Long Island. Although none of the members of my family were especially religious, my mother decided to send me to parochial school—St. Patrick's. Some of the meanest people I've ever known I met in Catholic school.

They wore black uniforms.

My life was changed forever in 1964 when I heard the Beatles. I started playing guitar and all other interests took a back seat. Moved to the scenic San Fernando Valley in 1967. Graduated from Van Nuys High School and started at Cal State Northridge (then Valley State) in 1968.

Got thrown out of school in 1972. I didn't want to go to school; I wanted to be a musician. I loved to play. I loved the lifestyle.

Only one problem.

In order to eat on a regular basis, I also had to work at a lot of other "day" jobs, including boiler-room telephone salesperson, chauffeur, movie extra, hand model, actor, door-to-door salesman, videotape cameraman and editor, house painter, life insurance salesman, truck driver, schoolteacher, camp counselor, floor sweeper, bartender, apple picker, real estate salesman, extruder's helper, computer technician, custodian and some other things.

After about 12 years, I was ready to quit my life as an artist. The uncertainty inherent in the lifestyle was wearing me out. Went back to school in 1984. Decided to study something stable: journalism.

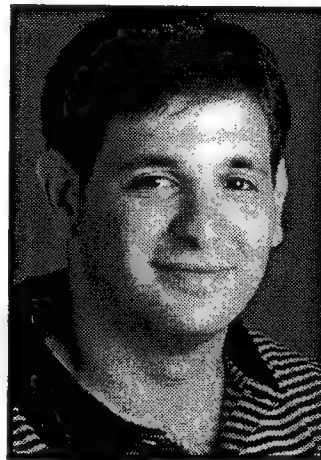
Won a CIPA award for a documentary on homelessness I produced in 1986. Worked at KTTV-TV and KCET-TV. Got my degree in 1987. Free-lanced in video and print for a while. Owned my own video production business. Started at The Times in February, 1990, in Ventura. I like working at The Times; I only wish I could do more writing.

Along the way, I've been married and divorced twice. Have two daughters: Danielle, 15, lives with me, and Nicole, 5, lives with my ex-wife, Christina.

After a 10-year hiatus, I've started playing in a rock band again and I'm having a wonderful time. And, like most high school graduates in Los Angeles, I'm working on a screenplay.

I'm a Dodgers and Lakers fan, but a Rams fanatic. I enjoy reading (authors that come to mind immediately are Kerouac, Fowles, Thurber and Campbell) and watching movies (especially Hitchcock films).

I'm also a Kennedy assassination conspiracy buff but, of course, being a native New Yorker, I believe that conspiracies abound everywhere.



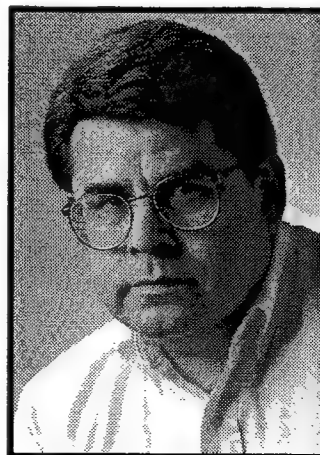
Jeff Fletcher
sports desk assistant

I have been working as a desk assistant covering high school sports in the Valley since August, 1992. For two months before that, I was an intern in the main sports department downtown. Before that, I was in college at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio.

I grew up in Athens and went to OU because it supposedly had one of the top journalism schools in the country. But the only thing I remember from a journalism class

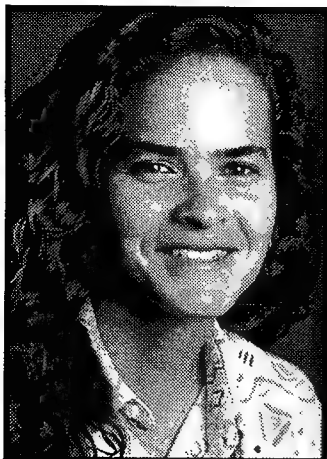
is "time before day before place." Most of my newspaper know-how comes from internships at the Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel and the Baltimore Sun, and countless hours at the OU student newspaper.

I sometimes feel like I'm the only person doing this job who really wants to be a newspaper beat writer. I don't want to write a book, become a columnist or an editor, or write a GQ story about Jimmy Johnson's hair. All I want to do is cover major league baseball every day until I'm sick of it or dead, whichever comes first. If I get sick of it before I am dead, well, then I'll have a problem. Can't worry about it now, though; gotta get to a Simi Valley High baseball game.



Henry Fuentes
copy editor

Came to The Times' Chatsworth copy desk in 1990 from the Hartford Courant, where he worked on the metro and business copy desks. Previously, he worked 10 years as a reporter for the San Diego Union.



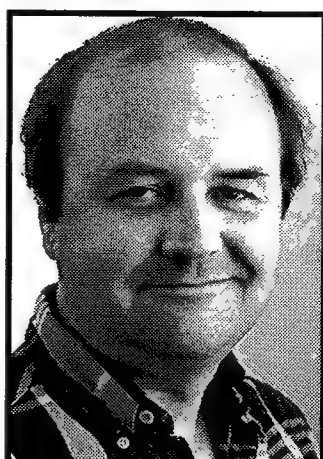
Irene Garcia
sportswriter

BA in journalism with a minor in Spanish literature from Cal State Northridge. Started working at The Times as an intern in suburban sports in 1986. Also interned in Orange County.

Got hired in 1987 to work in South Bay sports, where I covered junior college and college sports as well as pro beach volleyball. Moved to Valley sports in January,

1994, due to severe cutbacks in suburban.

I've also written articles for Nuestro Tiempo and View.



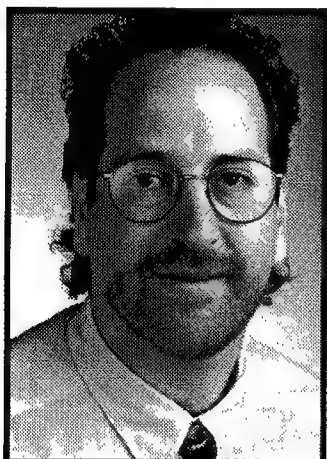
Mark Geers
copy editor

Joined the Valley Edition as a sports copy editor in January, 1990, and moved to the main copy desk in November of that year.

Previously an assistant city editor, editorial writer and sports copy editor during eight years at the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, ending with the paper's closure in November, 1989. Also city editor of the Las Vegas Sun in 1981, and reporter, editorial page editor and wire/news editor at the Idaho State

Journal in Pocatello, 1977-80.

Native of Cincinnati. Degrees from Xavier University and Ohio State University.



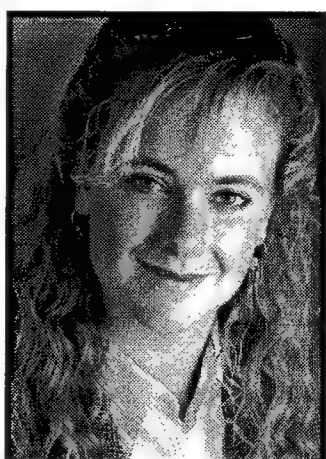
John Glionna
reporter

John M. Glionna, 36, has been a staff writer for the Los Angeles Times for nearly five years. He worked for four years for the now-defunct San Diego County edition and, for the last year, has been a general assignment reporter in the San Fernando Valley edition.

Before coming to The Times, Glionna worked as a feature writer for the Tribune in San Diego; at the Kansas City Star as a police and investigative reporter, and as a police and general assignment reporter for the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot/Ledger-Star.

Previously, he worked as a copy clerk for the Washington bureau of the New York Times.

He attended the State University of New York at Buffalo, where he received a bachelor of arts degree in English and was feature editor of the college newspaper, The Spectrum.



Abigail Goldman
reporter

Abigail Goldman is old enough to vote, serve in the armed forces, drink in a bar and write a news story. She is not, however, old enough to rent a car. This minor inconvenience has hindered her not at all.

She grew up in suburban Chicago and then defected to the People's Republic of Madison to attend the University of Wisconsin. There, she majored in political science and history, and was a news editor at one of the two campus dailies. She spent her summers working at Isthmus, Wisconsin's largest weekly, and a hellhole

known as City News Bureau of Chicago, where, among other tasks, she was forced to call the survivors of Jeffrey Dahmer's victims and ask them how they felt. This adventure was followed by a stint at Dahmer's hometown paper, the Milwaukee Journal, where she worked as a state desk stringer in Madison. She moved on to the Richmond Times-Dispatch in Virginia and then went to Columbia University to earn a master's degree in journalism, guaranteeing that she would never make enough money to pay off the loans.

Abbe came to The Times as a View intern during the summer of 1993, and started as a two-year temp in the Valley just in time to experience fires, reearthquakes, mudslides and Street Beat.

Julie Ryan Green
Valley Life! editor

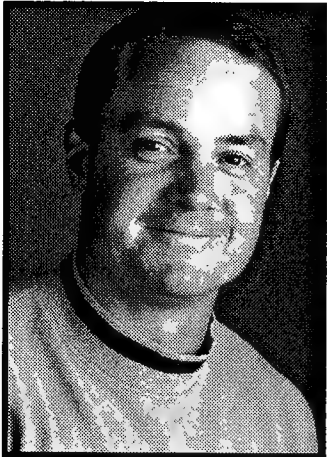


I spent my earliest years on a date garden in the Coachella Valley, where my father and uncle—true to their Midwestern farming roots—were pioneer ranchers. My family—parents, four brothers and two sisters—later moved to Riverside, where I finished high school and attended Riverside City College while working at my first newspaper job—as the TV log editor for the Riverside Press-Enterprise.

I was recruited by Pepperdine University when it started its journalism program (hard to turn down a full-tuition, room-and-board deal when you're one of seven kids) and later was the college's first journalism graduate. The day after graduation, I returned to the Press-Enterprise, where I met my future husband, Tom, worked as youth editor and later was the higher education writer. I left the P-E soon after I married to work for four years as a public information officer for the Colleges of Social and Behavioral Science and the Humanities at UC Riverside. In 1973, Tom was hired as a columnist for the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, and we moved to Upstate New York, where I was director of publications for a small, liberal arts college. A couple of years later, he was hired as the humor columnist for the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and I free-lanced and had kids—a daughter, Megan, now 18, and a son, Ryan, now 15.

In the middle of a blizzard in January, 1979, the Press-Enterprise called to see if Tom would be interested in starting a humor column in Riverside. We sold the house two weeks later and

returned to California. I went back to the Press-Enterprise—for the third time—this time as features copy editor. In 1982, Tom was lured back to Gannett to open the L.A. bureau of USA Today, where he is a founding member and an entertainment writer, covering film primarily. We moved to L.A. and I worked for four years at the Herald Examiner (as weekend editor, Sunday editor and then lifestyle editor) and later spent two years as lifestyle editor at the Daily News. I came to The Times in January, 1990, as assistant editor of Valley View and Calendar. Three years ago, I was named editor. The sections were joined in June, 1992, and renamed Valley Life!

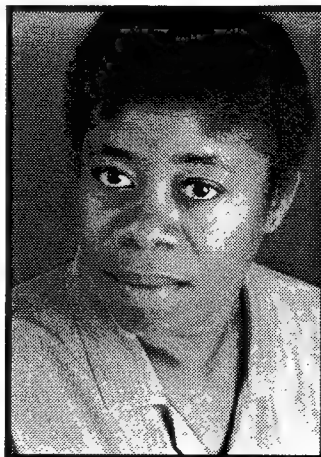


Dana Haddad
sports desk assistant

Let's see. I've been a columnist, courier, editor, photographer, hard news reporter, headline writer, composing artist, circulation manager, paper boy ... the list goes on. I don't know how (or why) I fell into this business, but it happened when I was young and most impressionable. Like most people, I started small. But in the ensuing years, I've done most everything.

I've never been a biographer, and this is certainly the least desirable subject. I was born in Encino, but had lived elsewhere for 19 years until January, 1993, when I returned to the Valley, a refugee from The Times San Diego bureau. I've worked for The Times for four years. I attended San Diego State (studied a little).

I like the Valley, which I can't explain and which most people don't understand. It's home.

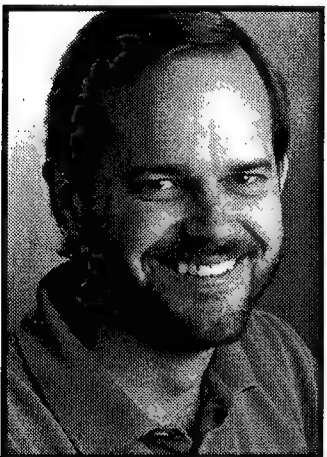


Vanessa Barnes Hillian
photo director

I was born in Washington, D.C., 5/10/55. Attended public school, and my interests were all over the map from Supreme Court justice to conducting. Anyway, I settled on photojournalism and went to Syracuse University.

I worked at the Washington Post for 15 years. Along the way, I married a wonderful man and we have one son.

I briefly worked at the State newspaper in Columbia, S.C., and then headed West to the Valley.



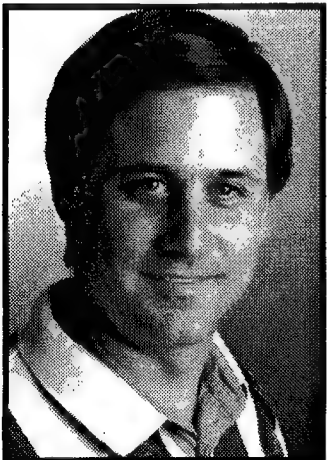
Scott Harris
columnist

Scott Duke Harris was born to the former Helen Jean Duke and Dawson Harris in Tripler Army Hospital in Honolulu, Hawaii, on Oct. 17, 1956.

He's a Libra.

Before joining the Valley edition as a carpetbagging columnist in 1993, Harris had worked as a paperboy for the Santa Ana (now Orange County) Register; as sports editor and columnist ("On the Warpath") of The Echo at Frances E. Willard Junior High; as a kitchen helper at Koo's Chop Suey; as editor and columnist ("The Athletic Supporter") of The Generator of Santa Ana High; as a fireworks stand manager and Christmas tree farm laborer; as a writer and editor on the Daily Titan of Cal State Fullerton; as an unskilled machine operator for Jo-Line Tools; as a copy messenger/prep sportswriter of The Times Orange County edition; as a "lot boy" (washed cars, ran errands) for Select Auto Sales; as an editing intern for Field & Stream magazine; as an intern and later a temporary reporter for The Times Southeast edition; as a staff writer for the Orange County (formerly Santa Ana) Register, and as a staff writer for The Times, respectively in the Southeast, San Diego (since defunct) and Metro editions.

Harris won the Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the 1992 civil restlessness in Los Angeles; his reportage disclosed that the Beverly Center and other shopping malls closed early due to encroaching danger. (Other staff members shared in the honor.)



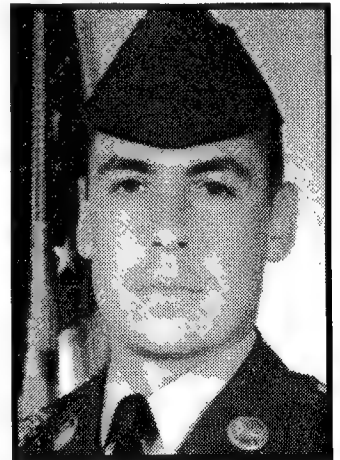
Steve Henson
sports copy editor/reporter

Walked in the door December, 1984, and worked my way up from free-lance to summer intern to two-year reporter to full-time. Present duties are split between feature writing and copy editing, with occasional free-lance stories for several other sections and a couple of magazines.

Certainly beats the stifling full-time education jobs I held in the early '80s: editor of university publications at Pepperdine (where I also did graduate work on an L.A. Press Club scholarship), and publications director at the Simi Valley Unified School District. Left Pepperdine when I realized while producing a slide presentation on the "Captains of Industry" that this was a strange job for someone who had risked malaria helping build a baseball diamond for Sandinista children.

Married 13 years to Diane and live in Thousand Oaks, our hometown. Four children: Sheila, 8; Daniel, 4, and twins Gina and Angela, 3. Also an exchange student from Brazil—Marina, 13, a great addition until January. As suburban dwellers, we of course are bombarded by the poisons of pop culture. The kids watch "Barney" and I listen to Dinosaur Jr. Daniel's been in a few commercials; that's the latest thing. For fresh air, we load up the three little ones in a sturdy red wagon and wind through neighborhood bridle trails visiting the white horse, the sheep, the steer and the pond of loud ducks. (What did the ducks say the morning of Jan. 17? Quake! Quake! Quake! Quake! Quake! ... Sorry, Daniel liked it.)

Began in journalism at my hometown paper, the Thousand Oaks News Chronicle, a few days after graduating from high school. Co-workers included about a dozen folks who now are co-workers at The Times. Majored in Frisbee throwing at San Diego State, graduating with darn near a 4.0 (never could get that triple-skip toss across the swimming pool quite right). Free time is spent in my back-yard batting cage and as a volunteer coach and umpire. We used to see rock concerts and plays, but with the kids, you know ... recently, the family did take in a stirring performance of the "Velveteen Rabbit." As for concerts, I'm waiting for reunions by the Clash or the Replacements, angry bands with great wit. I'm not holding my breath. The Beatles will get back together first. Or did that already happen?



Steve Haimwertz
desk assistant

Started employment at The Times in 1986. Has a BA in political science and is working on master's for the same. Has traveled extensively throughout Europe, the Mediterranean, Middle East and North Africa. Member of the California Army National Guard. Interests include fishing California's streams and lakes as well as hunting.



Ardith Hilliard

managing editor

I'll admit it—I was born in Trenton, N.J., primarily known at the time for its ketchup and rubber factories (the two combined to make the town's air memorable). The best thing about Trenton is that it's only 90 minutes by train from New York City, where I spent many a day as a child hoofing it around art museums and galleries (Dad's an abstract Expressionist of the '50s persuasion, Mom's a retired English teacher with a relentless nose for culture).

Since then, I've endeavored to leave my New Jersey accent behind, which hasn't been hard, since I went to college at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., and have moved restlessly around the country for years chasing the journalism muse after stumbling into the business by accident one day at the age of 22.

Actually, 10 years in the South just about killed any lingering taint of Jersey speech patterns. There, I worked for my second-favorite newspaper in the world, the St. Petersburg Times. On to Dallas after that, then Omaha, Neb., then San Jose. At these papers, I did everything from writing headlines on home section articles about furniture polish to running a department of 60 people.

Then I got lucky and got hired by the Los Angeles Times, first as deputy city editor in Orange County, then as an assistant city editor in L.A. Metro, and finally by the Valley edition, where I was city editor until being named managing editor in 1993.

I haven't had so much fun since drinking warm rum and coke and playing Whist with my ne'er-do-well buddies in the college dorm. I hope the ride never ends.

Oh, yes—I have a daughter, Jessica, whom I love more than journalism, and who runs my life.

Mike Hiserman

sportswriter

The description is as appropriate today as it was a few years ago when I used it for the lead to a first-person story: My name is Mike. I am 33 years old ... and I am a Little League dad.

Life's joy comes from working with my sons, Stephen, 9, and Matthew, 6, and playing softball and enjoying other outdoor activities with Ronnie, my wife of 12 years.

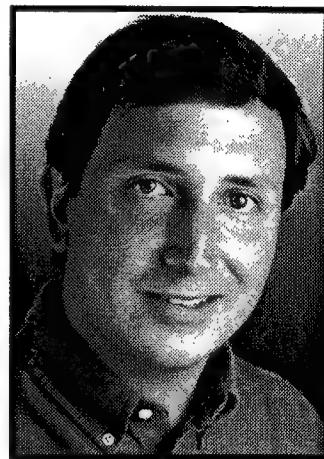
Professionally, I've been "on the rock"—the sports department's affectionate term for working in the Valley office—since November, 1984.

Before coming to the Valley, I compiled sports agate for The Times Southeast edition and wrote free-lance sports stories for the Orange County edition.

Was hired by The Times out of junior college. Today, the vast majority of young athletes I write about have more college credit than I do.

Before being hired by The Times, I was sports information director at Golden West College in Huntington Beach and a sportswriter for the Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram and the Orange County Register.

Raised in the tiny Orange County community of La Palma (used to be Dairyland), I enjoy living at the end of a cul-de-sac in Moorpark, where our front lawn routinely serves as a grandstand for home-run derby and pick-up basketball competitions.



Kris Hofmann

art director

Grew up in the land of 10,000 lakes. Spent six years as a lifeguard and lifesaving instructor. Managed a strawberry farm. Pulled weeds out of bean fields. Used crutches a few times. Took piano lessons. Was in a car when it fell through a

semi-frozen lake.

Graduated from a small Iowa college, with a degree in fine art, mass communication/journalism and Spanish. Swam on the college swim team. Exhibited large paintings around the Midwest. Worked for the college paper as a reporter, artist and editor.

Did a short stint at Arizona Republic newspaper and freelanced for a variety of publications. Worked for the Sacramento Bee for five years, mostly on special projects. Was fortunate to work on a series that won the 1992 Public Service Pulitzer Prize.

Joined the Valley edition in March, 1993. Since then, narrowly escaped the fire in Topanga and lived on a boat in Marina del Rey. Now live in Venice.

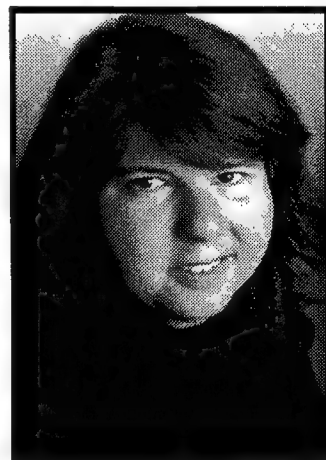
Jayne M. Iafate

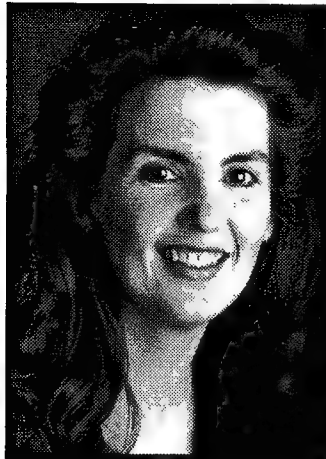
news editor

I've known that I'd be a journalist since I was 5 years old. That sounds a little far-fetched, but it's the truth. It was 1967. I was too young to be interested in the '60s counterculture and too old for "Sesame Street." My father, in his best my-kids-will-be-better-off-than-me spirit, sat me down, handed me the Providence Journal and taught me to read. That was my first taste of newsprint. It was on my fingers and in my blood, and I was hooked.

The older I got, the stronger the addiction. First it was the junior high paper, then the student newspaper at Oxnard High, then the college paper at Cal State Long Beach. I couldn't be stopped. I moved furiously toward larger and larger newspapers: the Oxnard Press-Courier, the Long Beach Press-Telegram. It still wasn't enough. I had to go for broke. I finally went for the Big One, and the Big One went for me. On Jan. 12, 1994, my friends began calling me "Jayne M. Iafate, Los Angeles Times." I think it sounds pretty good.

When I'm not scrambling to make deadline at work, I'm scrambling over waves or through river rapids or up the sides of mountains (OK, very small mountains). The habit of seeking bigger and better thrills in my professional life has translated to my personal life as adventure, travel and sports. Again, I'm hooked. I spend my free time surfing Baja, kayaking the Pacific, rafting the Kern River, hiking the Pacific Crest Trail. Now all that's left is to meet a doctor who can both keep up and set broken bones.





Sarah Holeman

Valley Life! news editor

Joined The Times in 1988 as a Valley edition copy editor. Previously assistant national and foreign editor of the News and Observer in Raleigh, N.C. 1986 Jefferson Fellow in Asian and Pacific affairs at the East-West Center in Honolulu. Worked as a reporter, features writer, news editor and copy editor variously at the News and Observer, the Durham Sun in Durham, N.C., as a free-lancer and while a student. Biographer of Revolutionary War-era historical figures for an encyclopedia (just now being published), leading to the notion that writing would be a swell thing to do. Graduate of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Grew up in Roxboro, N.C., and am tested by family for accent purity when I return for visits. Getting close to flunking—believe it or not.

Chip Johnson

reporter

Since starting in newspapers in L.A. in 1984, I've been to Albuquerque, N.M.; San Francisco, Oakland, Elyria, Ohio, and back again.

My first job, the Los Angeles Sentinel, a black weekly in South-Central Los Angeles, paid \$12 less a week than the delivery job I'd left. Well, I marched right into the publisher's office and set him straight. Got a raise, too—\$12 more per week.

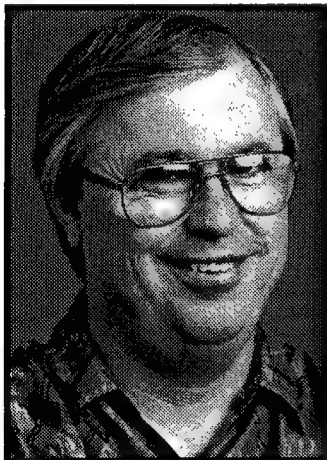
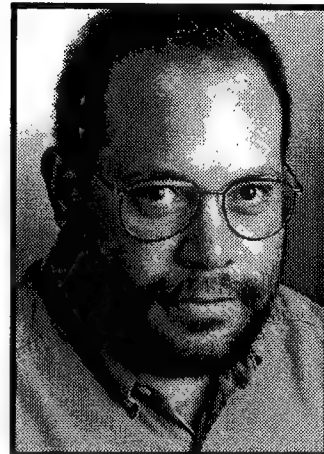
After two years at the Sentinel and one more as a full-time student, I moved to San Francisco in 1987 and attended S.F. State. In the summers, I worked internships in Elyria, Ohio, and the following year at the S.F. Chronicle.

After graduation in May, 1990, I spent a one-year internship at the Wall Street Journal's S.F. bureau, where I worked as a general assignment reporter.

I got a chance to see the country some, on reporting trips from Springfield, Mass., to Bismarck, N.D. I once spent a week covering the national Hacky Sack championships in Golden, Colo., and gave readers a behind-the-scenes look at the off-the-field lifestyles of some of the legends in the sport. My favorite player was a woman who changed her name, in honor of the sport, to Kendall B. Kic.

After that, I spent a year in Albuquerque and the following year at the Oakland Tribune, which was sold in November, 1992. In May, 1993, I followed such illustrious Tribbies staffers as Jack Cheevers and Rich Colvin to the Valley.

Until 1982, I was a molder in an aluminum foundry in Elyria, Ohio. I made about 100 sand creations per day, each of them about the size and shape of a large cardboard box that weighs about 90 pounds. "Back Trouble" is the working title to Chapter 2 of my autobiography.



John Johnson

reporter

Age 46, a reporter in the Valley edition for six years. Previously worked for McClatchy Newspapers as a Washington correspondent, the Sacramento Bee as an environment reporter, the Fresno Bee, the Ventura County Star-Free Press and Zoo World News Service in San Francisco.

Has won awards from the Northern California Newspaper Guild and the Los Angeles Press Club.

He is married to Peggy, a teacher. They have a son, Dylan, 14.

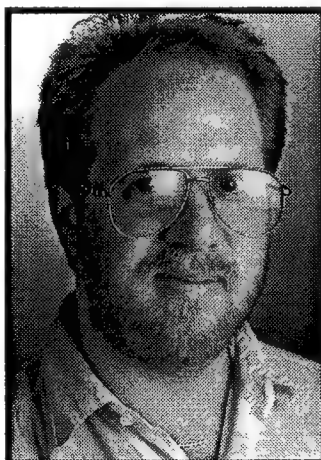
Trevor Johnston

artist

In 1961, I was born in the city of Ottawa, Canada. In addition to serving as my birthplace, the city doubles as the nation's capital. For a great many years after my birth, I attended school at increasingly difficult levels. I walked out of the last classroom I was to attend clutching a degree in industrial design, which explains why I'm in the newspaper business.

I first appeared in newsprint at the London (Ontario, Canada) Free Press in 1987. After three years of paper training, I was adopted by Southam News, a wire service, in Ottawa—still the nation's capital. After three more years of producing news graphics for 2 million Canadians, I realized that it was time to make my way to the Big City. Having heard only good things about New York, and figuring that if I could make it there, I could make it anywhere, I accepted a job at The Times.

On Jan. 17, 1994, I awoke to discover that I was at the wrong Times. I had been thinking the Hudson was looking kinda big. The moral of the story: You can lead a Canadian to water, but you can't make him think. On a personal note, I am happily married and the proud father of three expensive weddings to pay for on the horizon. I mean daughters. Eh!



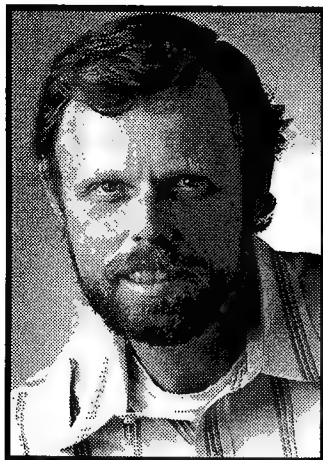
Tracey Kaplan

reporter

There once was a goil named T.K. Who hitchhiked from 'Jersey out this way

When she arrived she became a scribe

Who would have thought—in the Valley!



Lawrence T. Jones Jr.

news editor

Larry is the son of a coal miner-turned-Air Force sergeant and a tango instructor who later became a psychiatric clerical worker. He was born Dec. 11, 1954, in Hazleton, Pa. His father's Air Force career took Larry to Libya and twice to Germany before he was 13, and helped nurture a lasting interest in warplanes and military history.

He calls the Mississippi Gulf Coast home after his father retired there in 1967 and died in 1976. Larry got his BA at the University of Southern Mississippi.

He has one son, Christopher Paul Jones, born in 1984.

Larry has worked as a reporter and editor at the Biloxi (Miss.) Daily Herald, Hattiesburg (Miss.) American, Amarillo Daily News, Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph, New Orleans Times-Picayune, Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger, Memphis Commercial Appeal and Rocky Mountain News in Denver. In 1987, he came to the Valley edition of The Times, where he has held various news editing posts.

He is fond of the New Orleans Saints, Denver Broncos and Cameroon's national soccer team.

Jon J. Kawamoto

copy editor

Kawamoto joined the Valley/Ventura news desk operation in April, 1993. He has performed a variety of duties on the desk, including rim editing, and news editing the weekly Valley Business tabloid, the Valley/Ventura county pages, Focus pages and bulldog editions.

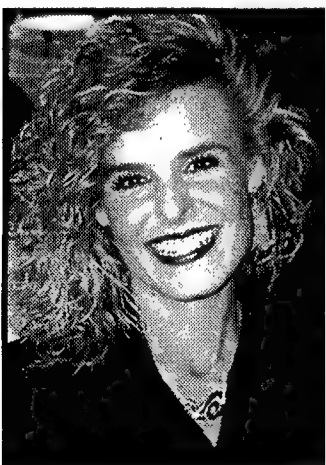
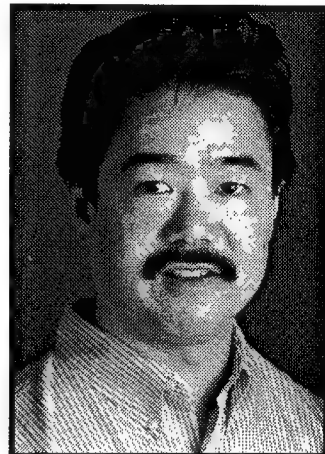
Before joining The Times, Kawamoto was news editor of the San Francisco Daily Journal, which serves the Bay Area's legal community. He has also been an editorial page news editor and an assistant news editor at the Oakland Tribune, copy editor at the Contra Costa Times in Walnut Creek, Calif., and a reporter at the Fresno Bee. He began his journalism career in 1978 as a reporter at the San Francisco Examiner.

He has also written several free-lance articles for a variety of publications, including the Pacific Citizen, which is the newspaper of the Japanese American Citizens League, and the Point Reyes Light in Marin County.

Kawamoto grew up on a farm north of the Central Valley community of Reedley. He graduated in 1978 from California State Fresno with a bachelor's degree in journalism and a minor in economics. He is a 1978 graduate of the Summer Program for Minority Journalists at UC Berkeley.

He is a member of the Asian American Journalists Assn., and a former board member and treasurer of AAJA's Bay Area chapter. He is involved with the Sansei Legacy Project, an interdenominational group dealing with issues of concern to Japanese Americans.

Kawamoto resides in Santa Monica.



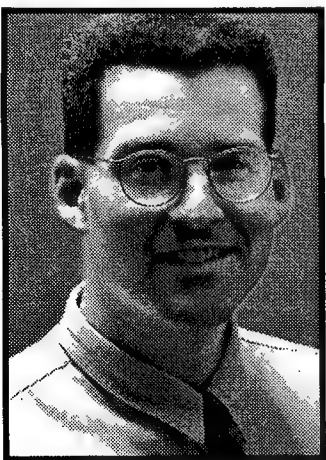
Sylvia Latham

desk assistant

As a veteran of the U.S. Army, I spent four of my most formative years as a photojournalist at Uncle Sam's School of Hard Knocks in war-torn Yuma, Ariz. I swore when I got out that I never wanted to see another newspaper again as long as I live, so it seems somehow ironic that I wound up at the largest daily metro newspaper in the country in October of 1987, having been a civilian for a mere three months.

Now this redneck girl from Hicksville, USA (in Northern California), spends her time chasing after other peoples' kids to supplement a not-quite-adequate income, spending money faster than I earn it with a passion for extravagant shopping. But that's only when I'm not busy attending country music's most notable functions, rubbing elbows with its stars and traipsing across the country as a groupie for my favorite country-Western band, whose lead singer happens to live with me and makes this crazy life worth living.

And I'm still swearing that I never want to see another newspaper again as long as I live.



Gary Klein

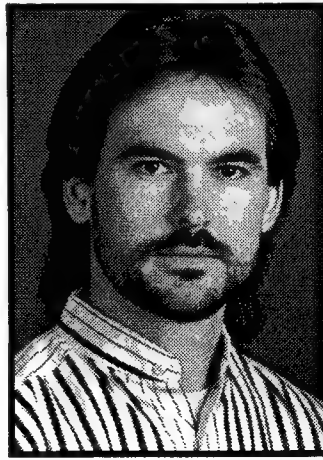
copy editor

Gary Klein is a part-time copy editor for the Valley edition. He graduated from Mark Keppel High School in Alhambra in 1978, Pasadena City College in 1980 and Cal State Northridge in 1983.

He has been working for the Los Angeles Times in one capacity or another since 1985. He has worked as an intern and temporary full-time reporter for Valley sports, an intern and free-lance writer for Suburban sports, and free-lance writer and copy editor for main sports. He is the national college baseball writer for main sports, is responsible

for the San Gabriel Valley sports section each week and is a regular contributor to Valley Life! and several national sports publications.

He and his wife Kathy have a daughter, Casey, and two sons, Christopher and Will.



Vince Kowalick

sportswriter

Started at The Times in 1986 covering high school football games for pocket change. Quickly moved up to covering junior college games for pocket change. Joined Valley Sports staff a year later. Left in 1990 to write features for L.A.

Daily News. Found out the place was everything it's cracked up to be, so came back to The Times 18 months later.

Spend free time pitching free-lance stories to anyone willing to publish them.

Tom LaMarre

sports copy editor

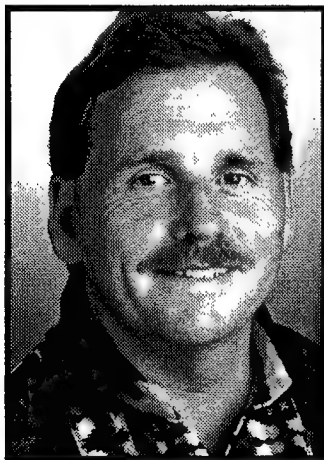
Sure don't know where the time has gone, but I've spent 30 years in this business—the last 15 with The Times.

I started working at the Oakland Tribune in 1964 when I was 17 and a senior at Skyline High School in Oakland, where I lived all my life until coming to Southern California in 1979.

While attending the University of San Francisco, where I also worked in the sports information office (Pete Rozelle started his career there), I continued on the sports staff at the Tribune—often working 40 hours a week while carrying a full load of classes. It's amazing what we could do when we were young.

The Tribune made me a full-time reporter in 1968, and I went on to cover the Oakland Raiders, Golden State Warriors, Oakland Athletics and San Francisco Giants, in addition to college sports at Cal, Stanford, St. Mary's, Santa Clara and other Bay Area schools.

My most high-profile years as a reporter were spent as the Tribune's Raider beat writer from 1971-77, which included the Raiders' first Super Bowl victory in Pasadena in January, 1977. Those were heady days for a kid from Oakland who used to climb over the fence to see the Raiders play at Frank Youell Field in the team's early years.



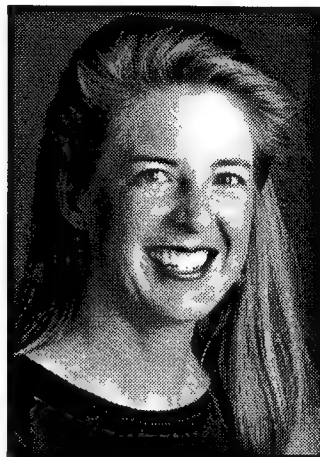
In fact, those were great years for sports in Oakland, with the A's winning consecutive World Series in 1972-74 and the Warriors winning the NBA championship in 1975. I was fortunate enough to be part of the Tribune's coverage of those events, too.

Another highlight was being asked by Raider quarterback Kenny Stabler to co-author an instructional book for youngsters called "Winning Offensive Football." Didn't make a lot of money off it, but the book did go to three printings and still can be found these days in some bookstores and libraries.

After leaving the Tribune and before winding up at The Times, I spent the summer of 1979 working as the No. 2 sports anchor at KTVU, Channel 2 in Oakland—the top independent television station in the Bay Area. I did 63 shows, writing and even producing the sports segments, in addition to helping edit the videotape. I had a great time, but the only problem with that business is the lack of security—especially if you have a wife and two young sons.

Since then, I've been with The Times, with the highlight coming when I was part of the team that produced that awesome 48-page section every day during the 1984 Olympics.

It's been a great ride, but I guarantee you this: It will be "30" long before I put in another 30.



Paige A. Leech

sportswriter

A resident of Torrance my first 20 years, I never knew the San Fernando Valley existed until I landed here in the summer of 1990. Now I know why: There's no professional sports teams here! I'm still living in Torrance, so go figure.

I've been covering prep and college sports at The Times for the past four years, working about 50 hours a week—and still hoping to get hired full-time.

I earned a BA in journalism in 1988 from Fresno State (it's that little school that keeps beating USC in major sports). Thought I would go to law school, but landed a job as a desk assistant and sports writer at the Fresno Bee.

Two years later, I was working in the Valley—and wondering if a professional sports team would ever settle down here.... I'm still wondering.

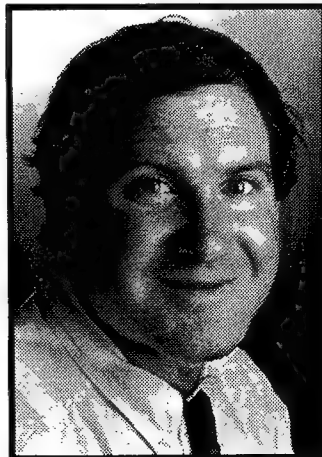
Myron Levin

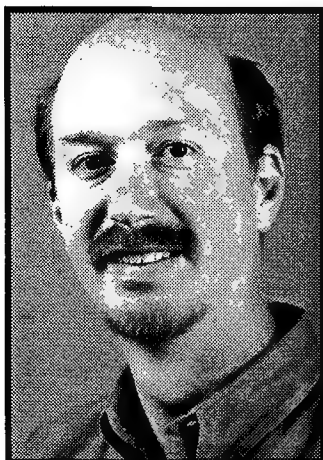
reporter

A diagnosed sociopath and former Gillette razor cover boy, Myron Levin joined the Los Angeles Times in 1984. He previously worked for the Kansas City Star, Rocky Mountain News and other papers that paid him to avoid mention of their names.

While some reporters dream of covering the White House or State Department, Levin hopes to break the record for most years covering the same beat for the same suburban edition of the Los Angeles Times. He believes that he may already have done so.

Levin's favorite color is gray for houses and yellow for cars. Although a great admirer of the Orange County edition, Levin states that he will never again work at an office that lacks a helipad.





Doug List

liaison editor

In January, 1993, having been left jobless in mid-career with the demise of the San Diego edition, List was selected in the sixth round of the Valley edition supplemental draft and assigned to the downtown liaison desk. The tall left-hander had also been a liaison editor for San Diego, working in the Orange County plant since he was first signed by The Times in May, 1990.

A native of western Pennsylvania, he was first spotted toiling for the student newspaper at Indiana University of Pennsylvania and was offered a professional contract by the Kittanning (Pa.) Leader-Times. At this Class-A team, on the banks of the Allegheny River, List covered tractor pulls, beauty pageants, Rotary Club luncheons and an occasional Steeler game. He also found time to make numerous appearances in every tavern in the tri-county area.

After 24 years of rust-belt winters, List broke his contract, packed up his Chevette and headed West. He knew he had found paradise when he arrived amid a Southern California heat wave—in January.

For the next 10 years, List played various positions for the Riverside Press-Enterprise, including seven seasons as entertainment editor. His obsession with movies flourished on the outskirts of Tinseltown and he

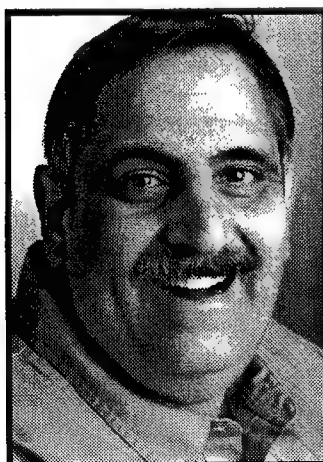
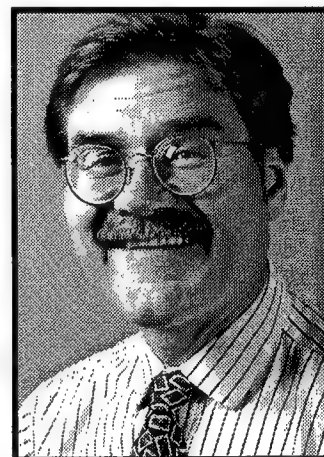
now publishes a quarterly film journal.

List resides in Mission Viejo (just a one-hour drive from Times Mirror Square) with his wife, Jessica Chou, who is a registered nurse and is bored by baseball.

Michael Preston Lucas

liaison editor

—newspaperman. b. March 13, 1948, Mt. Clemens, Mich. s. Peter John and Ruth Naomi (Longstreth). m. Eileen Patricia McGowan, Feb. 23, 1974. Children: Katherine, Timothy, Kevin, Ronan. Moved with family from Michigan to the San Fernando Valley August, 1954. Later moved to Sunnyvale, Calif. Published underground newspaper at St. Francis High School, Mountain View, Calif., 1965. ASB vice president, Foothill College, 1966. AA Solano College, 1971. BA San Francisco State University, 1973. Graduate studies Southwestern University School of Law 1989-90. Sports editor, Sonora (Calif.) Daily Union Democrat 1967-69. Nominated CNPA BNC best feature photo of 1968 "Small Town Street." Staff writer Fairfield (Calif.) Daily Republic 1969-71. Staff writer Hayward (Calif.) Review 1974-78. Nominated CNPA BNC best news feature of 1974 "Old Mike, the Valley's Owner, Won't Be at Home Any Longer." Covered 1976 presidential election for Sparks Newspapers. Noted for writing short, whimsical stories about the odd events and eccentric characters of suburban and small-town life. Mentioned a number of times in Herb Caen's San Francisco Chronicle column. Managing editor Corona (Calif.) Daily Republic 1978-80. Metro editor, Santa Monica (Calif.) Evening Outlook 1980. News editor and city editor Las Vegas (Nev.) Sun 1980-83. Los Angeles Times 1983—. Published many articles in local and regional magazines. Hobbies: long-distance running, photography, carpentry. Member: Sierra Club 1967-1973. Dolphin South End Club San Francisco 1977-81. Corona Kiwanis Club 1978-80. Las Vegas Press Club 1983. Las Vegas YMCA 1980-83. Pasadena Downtown YMCA 1983-1986. St. Rita Catholic Church Men's Club.



Joel P. Lugavere

photographer

Joel P. Lugavere, age 50, is a staff photographer for the Valley edition.

He began his photojournalism career while still a student at Valley College in Van Nuys, working part-time for the Valley Times, a onetime local newspaper in the San Fernando Valley.

After graduating from college, he became a full-time staff photographer with the Valley Times and, within a year, moved over to the Valley News & Green Sheet, which is now the Daily News. In 1969, Lugavere became a full-time staff photographer for the Los Angeles Times.

Lugavere and his wife, Janice, along with their two sons, Jordan, 14, and Joshua, 10, live in West Hills. Lugavere has been an active member of the Press Photographers Assn. of Greater Los Angeles and is a past president.

As a staff photographer for the last 25 years, Lugavere has won top honors in many local and national photo contests, and has won the Los Angeles Times Editorial Award for best news and feature photo.

John Lynch

prep sports editor

I was born and raised in New Jersey. As soon as I could, I left.

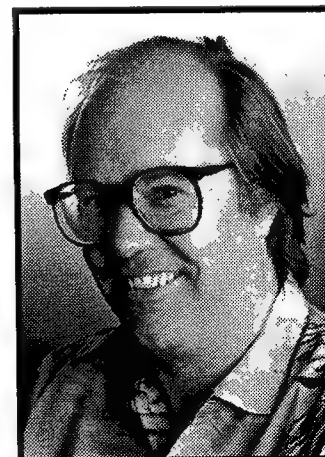
The Army was no choice—the Vietnam War—so I headed off to college, American University in Washington, to be precise. Four years later, numerous states around the country said I was fit to teach high school students. I said, "No thanks," and instead worked as a bartender, cab driver and movie theater lackey.

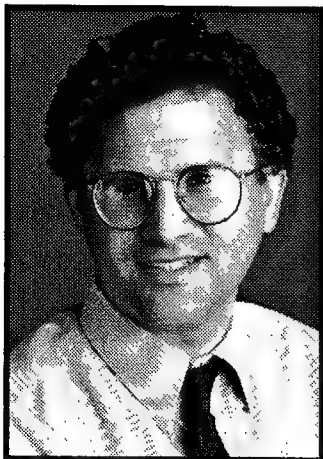
A few years later, I wandered out to California and settled in Los Angeles. For some reason, I decided to teach English as a second language. My first student was Hideo Nakagami, a member of the Japanese baseball Hall of Fame. As far as I know, he still can't speak English.

In the late 1970s, I free-lanced a story for the L.A. Reader, got the journalism itch and scratched it at Pierce College. A year later, I wound up at the Simi Valley Enterprise. As sports editor, my dubious legacy is that of weekly whipping boy for the locals who routinely beat me in a football picking contest.

Somehow, The Times overlooked that and hired me in 1986. I've worked as a copy editor, prep editor, and now assignment and line editor in sports.

The best part of my life is my family. Dana and I hooked up in 1987 and two years ago added son Jack to the crew.





Jon D. Markman

reporter

I am a Valley native, raised deep in the hills of sunny Tarzana. My favorite memory of Tarzana back then: hunting for tadpoles and lizards and Indian caves after school in the sagebrush behind our house before the hills were bulldozed to make way for more houses.

After graduating from Taft High in Woodland Hills, I wanted to go as far away as possible. Duke University turned down my application, but I quickly wrote the admissions board and, with youthful chutzpah, declared that it had made a mistake. Two weeks later, the admissions director stunned my parents by writing back that he agreed, and I graduated from Duke four years later with a BA in history. I also studied Japanese there and at a university in Tokyo.

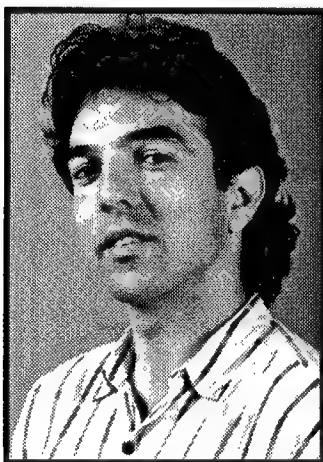
On one exceptionally dreary day in Tokyo, I received a Columbia University graduate school brochure and thought that New York sounded like a much nicer place to live. After completing Columbia's journalism school in 1980, I promised my father I would return for a more responsible degree after working during the summer but

It was the summer of the Reagan Recession. I sent out 100 resumes and got two offers: the Free Press in Lander, Wyo., and the L.A. Herald Examiner. Desperate HerEx editor James Bellows hired people who were either just out of school, just out of jail or the child of a celebrity. He was a legendary mumbler and it sounded as if he offered me a tryout, or at least that's what I told the city editor. My first story on my first day somehow became the A1 lead headlined "Tax Revolt in South Seas," and I never made it to Wyoming or back to Columbia.

I joined The Times four years later and worked as a copy editor and news editor in Metro, Valley Sports, Valley Metro and L.A. Business before becoming Page 1 editor in the Orange County edition and beginning a five-year romance with the Books on Tape sales staff, who humored me during my 100-mile commute. I also free-lanced frequently for the paper, most notably about my experiences as the first American to finish the Raid Gauloises, a French endurance race.

I was encouraged to return to the Valley edition as part of The Times' smog-abatement efforts in 1993 and thankfully have not listened to a Sara Paretsky novel since.

I live in Studio City with my wife Ellen and our 21-month-old son, Joseph, who is responsible for the rising fortunes of Kodak.



Hugo Martin

reporter

Born in the city of San Fernando at a very young age, Hugo Martin lived in the San Fernando Valley until the 1971 Sylmar quake persuaded his parents to pack the dog, his eight brothers

and sisters, and seek firmer soil in Northern California. They moved to Watsonville, but during the move north, they left the dog in a Bakersfield gas station after it made "naughty" in the family station wagon. Watsonville, it turned out, wasn't a refuge from quakes, as it took the brunt of the 1989 Loma Prieta quake. But Martin was one step ahead of the quake, having left home in 1983 to attend Pomona College, where he received a BA in government.

When he graduated and sobered up, Martin began work for The Times under its Minority Editorial Training Program. Under the impression that Martin was a competent reporter, The Times hired him full-time when he graduated the program two years later. He was sent to work for the newly expanded Ventura edition, where he covered the city of Oxnard and the County Board of Supervisors.

Still believing that Martin possessed some journalistic skills, his editors transferred him in 1991 to the Valley edition, where he covered transportation for two years. He now covers Los Angeles City Hall for the Valley edition and lives in Woodland Hills. Martin enjoys playing guitar, jogging and playing "slip and slide" with his cat, Typo, on the hardwood floors.

Terry McGarry

assistant city editor

Born in a viper swamp, raised by wolves on the steppes, worked as hangman, breast implant designer; hobbies are selling sex for large sums of money and strangling puppies.

Oh, all right.

Milwaukeean; Jesuit prep school; Marquette U. College of Journalism (minors in Spanish, Latin American studies); UPI for 23 years, interrupted by two years in Army (UPI Milwaukee two years; Dallas two years; Mexico City five years as news manager for Mexico and Central America; Montreal for two years as news manager for Canada; Los Angeles 12 years). Covered JFK and Oswald assassinations in Dallas, Tlatelolco Massacre in Mexico City, Central American War of 1969, 1970 FLQ crisis in Quebec, SLA shootout in L.A.

Times since April, 1983. About five years as reporter, five as editor, several as then-sole Valley columnist. (Much overlap for several years, alternating in all three jobs.)

Untrue myth: did not really stand over a dying reporter, making him rewrite a bad lead over and over until he expired. True myth: did actually fire a guy for going to the bathroom without permission and he damn well deserved it. Untrue myth: did not actually go to the Arctic to watch caribou migrate. True myth: went to the Arctic to watch polar bears migrate.

Demon motorcyclist (vice president of Ducati riders club; hobby is long-distance riding in North America and Europe), death on alligators, lousy trapshooter, long-retired Greenwich Village folk singer (not good, but better than Dylan). Military history dilettante, especially World War II and 1930s, and intelligence work (member of Churchill, Normandy and British Army history societies; completed Cambridge University seminar on British secret services).

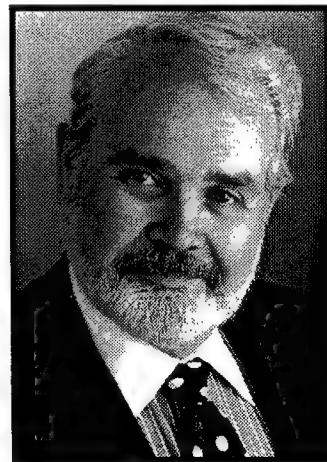
Writing book on sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

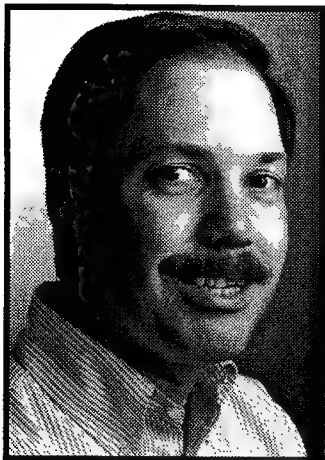
Married to Marlane McGarry (uses my name; sweet, right?), former nightclub and rock music columnist for the Mexico City Daily News who built and sold an L.A. high-tech public relations agency for a substantial sum of money, but not as much as the gossip mill says or I would move to the Virginia hunt country and live like a gentleman.

Daughter Veronica is PR executive for the Washington Post; daughter Victoria is a film director and production manager in New York.

Believes journalism can be both a noble calling—in which the strictest professional standards must be applied like Marine Corps discipline for the greater good of all mankind and the survival of Truth, Justice and the American Way—while ALSO providing a rollicking good time, a much less tedious job than short-order cook or putting carpets in Nash Ramblers.

Sometimes.





Mark McGonigle

copy editor

Sometimes I think that the old-time newspaper pros—those hard-drinking souls who smoked three packs a day—had something there.

Today's journalists still have their addictions. And, in my case at least, the habits are much more expensive and only occasionally as rewarding. They're habits I'll do just about anything to support, a fact that's pretty much been proven while I've been at The Times.

Since starting at the Valley edition in 1990, I've worked on the copy desk, news desk and occasionally on the city desk. Most often, I've worked as a copy editor, news slot, features slot or B section news editor. I've also news-edited Valley Life!, Ventura Life, Valley Business, Parenting tabs and the Ventura B section.

No one has yet asked me to fill in for one of the artists or photographers, but I expect that to happen any day now.

The habits I'm supporting with all those jobs?

The first, and by far the most destructive to my bank account, is renovating my house in Silver Lake. My partner of nine years, Richard, and I have been working on our house, built in 1938, since we moved to Los Angeles from San Francisco in 1990.

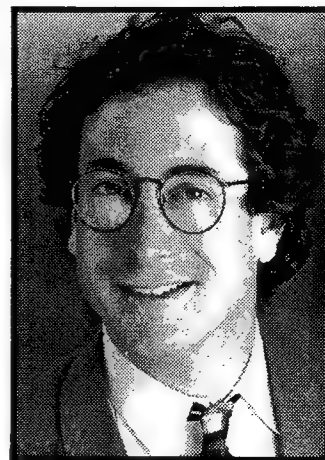
When we left San Francisco, we had just finished another five-year remodeling project. To support that, I worked at the Oakland Tribune, where I was an assistant city editor. During the five years I was at the Trib, I also worked as wire editor and on the business copy desk.

Before joining the Trib, I worked at the Daily Review in Hayward and the Globe-Times in Bethlehem, Pa. I received a degree in economics from Lafayette College in Easton, Pa.

My second addiction, more reasonable but still expensive, is going to live theater. It's a habit that started when I was young, growing up in Bucks County, Pa., outside Philadelphia.

One of the great enjoyments I've found in the L.A. area is the variety of live performances here. And if we ever finish renovating the house, I'll have even more free time to enjoy them.

Or I could just take up drinking and smoking.



Josh Meyer

reporter

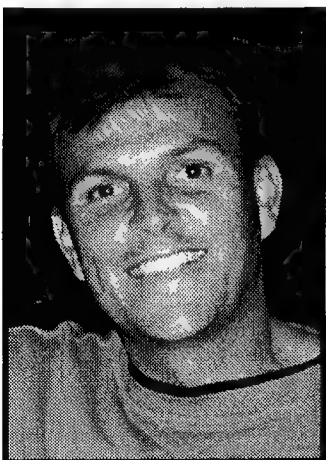
Josh's first big mistakes in newspapering were in not going to a university that had much of a journalism program (University of Massachusetts, class of 1983), and then going to

work for United Press International after a brief stint as an intern on the Boston Globe editorial page. After working for free on UPI's investigative team in Washington for a time, he was given the unheralded opportunity of accepting a full-time, actual reporting job. Provided, of course, that he move to tony Trenton, N.J., and try to cover the entire state from there.

Then it was off to Philadelphia for nearly bankrupt UPI, where over the next few years Meyer covered an endless succession of mobsters, mass murderers and crooked politicians, and even managed to cash most of his paychecks before they bounced.

After another stint on Capitol Hill covering the dysfunctional California delegation for States News Service, it was off to Los Angeles to work for the Daily News as an investigative reporter. In another astute career move, Meyer then took a job at the Los Angeles Herald Examiner—a fun place to work, but where, once again, cashing a paycheck was always an adventure. When the Herald folded and The Times threw out the lifeboat, Meyer climbed aboard and has been clinging tenuously ever since.

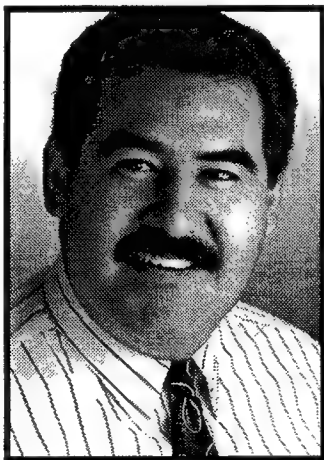
Still single, Josh likes romantic movies, candle-lit dinners and long walks on the beach.



Rod Millie

sports copy editor

Born QueQue, Southern Rhodesia, on 12/25/55. Lived in England, Australia and immigrated to the United States in 1969. Worked at the San Gabriel Valley Tribune and Orange County Register before being hired by The Times Valley sports in 1987.



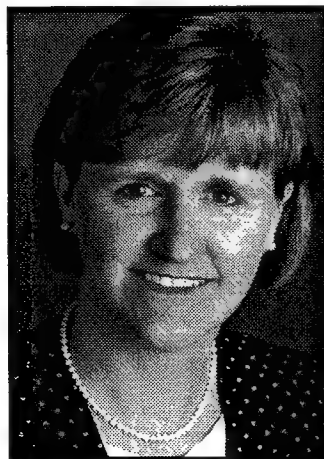
Julio Moran

reporter

At The Times since October, 1981, and have worked in Orange County, South Bay and Westside before joining the Valley in 1991. Was part of the team of Latino staffers that won the 1984 Pulitzer Prize for Public Service for a series of stories on Latinos in Southern California.

Prior to The Times, worked as an editor for Nuestro Magazine, a national general-interest English-language monthly for Latinos that was based in New York City. I also worked briefly for the L.A. Herald Examiner and the San Fernando Sun and Valley View.

I was born in Los Angeles and reared in San Fernando and Pacoima. Graduated from San Fernando High School and Pepperdine University. I am active with the California Chicano News Media Assn. and I am a founding member of the National Assn. of Hispanic Journalists.



Valerie J. Nelson

assistant Valley Life! editor

Born to work at this edition because where else would a Val work?

Grew up mostly in Seattle and San Diego, also Montana and Florida. 1979 USC graduate; edited college daily, interned for a congressman in Washington. First real newspaper job: one year as a features copy editor at the El Paso Times. Spent seven years at the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, first on the news desk, then in features. Ran the Herald's Style section.

Joined The Times in 1988 as assistant Valley View/Calendar editor. Ran the section a year later, but paused in 1991 to have second child. Now work three days a week.

Married to Steve Clow. Children are Gillian, 6, and Reid, 3. Live in Oak Park.



Ann W. O'Neill

reporter

From the moment Ann W. O'Neill drew her first breath, they blew the byline. She emerged one hot August morn during the Eisenhower years, a simpler time when mothers-to-be relied heavily on the kindness of painkillers to get them through labor. When the nurse asked how Baby Girl O'Neill should be known into posterity, the first-time mother was very emphatic—and very out of it. Ann (no 'e') Ward O'Neill was what she truly meant to say. Annoe Wardo Neo was how it came out on the birth certificate.

So, that's what the W. stands for in the byline.

O'Neill attended a snooty private school back East where, among other things, she learned how to smoke Salams and swear like a sailor, skills that later would serve her well in her chosen profession. She graduated from Cornell University, where she majored in English and got a C-minus in Journalism 101. Undaunted, she found work as a courthouse stringer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, covered City Hall and various mob hits as a staffer for the Philadelphia Daily News, and spent six years at the San Jose Mercury News, covering Monterey and the criminal courts.

Trivia: O'Neill was a national rowing champion in high school and still has the callouses to prove it. She started out as a sportswriter. More recently, she has shamelessly bagged autographs from Peter Jennings, Tom Hanks and Clint Eastwood. She has an authentic Elvis pen from Graceland.

O'Neill has been at The Times since May, 1993, wondering what it all means. She could not be reached for comment.

John Alfred Ortega

sportswriter

Born May 16, 1959, in Santa Monica, but considers himself a true Valley boy after living in Granada Hills from 1962-84.

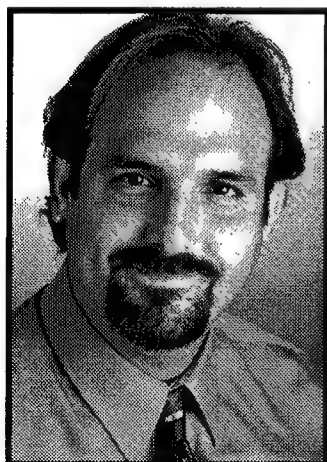
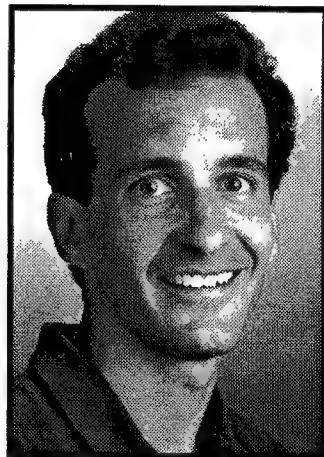
The second of five children born to Jose and Rose Ortega, he was named after his maternal grandfather. Graduated from Kennedy High in Granada Hills in 1977 and from Cal State Northridge in '82 with a degree in radio-TV broadcasting.

Began working at The Times Valley section on a free-lance basis in the fall of 1985 and has been there since.

Survived both the Sylmar earthquake in 1971 and the Northridge quake in January, although he was much farther from the epicenter in the latest temblor.

Currently residing in Canyon Country, he enjoys outdoor activities, particularly running, hiking and camping.

He also likes to listen to rock and country-Western music—how's that for a unique combination—and read history books, particularly those about the Vietnam War and the political career of LBJ.



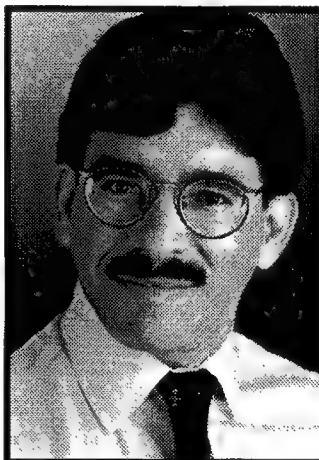
Rolando Otero

photographer

My career started in high school as the only staff photographer for our yearbook. My first real paying job as a photographer was at Movieland Wax Museum, where I took Polaroids of visiting tourists standing in a set from "Star Trek." That lasted only one summer because I had to work next to the set of Shirley Temple singing "On the Good Ship Lollipop."

From there, it was all uphill. After realizing that I was not ready for college at Cal State Fullerton, and I was in a bad relationship, I enlisted in the Navy. The Navy had a good program for photography. Many Navy photographers have gone on to work as photojournalists. There, I traveled throughout the Far East and was able to figure out what I wanted to do. I was exposed to Navy photojournalism and got "the bug." Once my term was up, I looked for a school with a good program and found Cal State Long Beach. Oh, I forgot, I got married in between to a lovely lady named Annabel. While at Long Beach, a program that is run by former L.A. Times Photo Editor Wayne Kelly, I did several internships, one at the Eagle-Beacon in Wichita, Kan.; one at the Whittier Daily News, Anaheim Bulletin and last, but not least, at the Southeast bureau of the Los Angeles Times. Upon graduation, I was offered a staff position at the Hartford Courant, where I worked for three years. In the summer of '90, I accepted a position with the Valley edition of The Times.

In the last year, I have split duties as photographer and morning assignment editor. As editor, my duties include making a daily budget, assigning photographers to late-breaking news, making sure all photo commitments are being filled.



Steve Padilla

city editor

Steve Padilla was born in the other Valley, the one named after San Gabriel, not San Fernando. While attending Ramona Elementary School in Alhambra, he started a newspaper called "The 203 News," which was mainly full of juvenile jokes about the life of a sixth-grader in Miss Sherman's class. The class met in Room 203. It was his first experience

with editing.

Padilla attended East L.A. College, where he edited the aptly, though boringly named Campus News. He later was editor of the Daily Trojan at USC, where he obtained degrees in history and print journalism in 1982. While at USC, he once discussed an article with an angry reader who called to complain. That he hadn't yet read the article didn't seem to matter. It was an experience that would serve him well later.

Before joining The Times as the Valley's night cops reporter in 1987, he worked at the Hartford Courant, the San Diego Union and the Hispanic Link News Service, a feisty little family-run enterprise out of Washington. He joined the Valley city desk in 1991.

Interests? Mostly reading history books (trashy novels reserved for the Exercycle), puttering around the garden with his wife in Silver Lake and music. Once a fairly decent French horn player, he long ago lost his chops, so now plays baroque and Renaissance music on recorders. He plays some guitar, but badly.

His wife is Pauline Yoshihashi, a reporter with the Wall Street Journal. She puts up with him. They hope to adopt some kittens.

John Penner

copy editor

Born 16 Oct. '63 in Inglewood, Calif.

Graduated from Cal State Long Beach with a BA in English in 1986. Earned a California Teaching Credential (English) in 1987. Also attended USC grad school (cinema-television).

Began working for newspapers when I was 15, as a clerk and free-lance sportswriter for the Anaheim Bulletin. Continued in that capacity until 1985, when I became a staff writer for the Bulletin's sports section. Later became sports editor before moving to news side as a reporter, and eventually as special projects writer/editor.

Joined The Times Orange County edition in 1989 as a stringer, covering the city of Huntington Beach and regularly covering pop music for OC Calendar, until 1992. That year, I moved to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where I wrote free-lance articles for several U.S. publications and news services. Returned and became a part-time copy editor on The Times Orange County sports desk.

Have worked as a Valley copy editor since April, 1993.



Rebecca Perry

artist

After finishing school in Michigan (fine arts, etching and lithography) and taking the requisite roll through Europe, I spent a good deal of time in Israel, where I learned to pick olives, inoculate turkeys and appreciate a good party in a bomb shelter. Curiosity sent me to New York City for a look, which lasted more than 14 years.

I have family in the Southland and am glad to be near them, but now must roam the freeways in vain searching for a decent bagel. I have worked most recently for the New York Times as a graphic artist; McGraw-Hill; Macmillan, where I illustrated children's books, and Lehman Brothers, where I worked with computer systems. I have an ongoing interest in interactive computer systems and multimedia applications.



Amy Pyle

assistant city editor

After spending the first four years of my journalism career in the Central Valley (the Sacramento Bee), the San Joaquin Valley (the Fresno Bee and the Visalia Times-Delta) and the Santa Clara Valley (the Gilroy Dispatch), it seemed fitting that I should begin my career at The Times in yet another valley, the San Fernando.

I came here as a reporter in April, 1988, and subsequently covered numerous beats and pieces of most

of this region's ongoing disputes, leaving me marginally prepared for the rigors of morning assignment ACE, a job that I took in the fall.

My educational background included a BA in French from Mills College, where I learned to think; a year of study in Aix-en-Provence, France, where I learned to eat, and an MSJ from Northwestern University, where I learned to write.



Akili Ramsess

photo assignment editor

As a photojournalist, I truly believe the axiom "A picture is worth a thousand words," and I wish that I had one to submit rather than write about myself.

I just started working in July, 1993, with the Valley edition of The Times, but my career with The Times actually began after high school. While studying photography at Los Angeles Trade-Tech, I worked part-time as a circulation clerk and then transferred to the pressroom as part of the first contingent of women to be allowed to work in that ink-stained macho realm. I met and married my future husband, who worked in the pressroom. I then transferred to work part-time in the mail room to finish my education and raise a family. I eventually graduated from the Cal State Long Beach photojournalism program, worked as an intern at the Orange County edition of The Times, and free-lanced for The Times and many other publications before working three great years for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner as a staff photographer before it folded.

I continued to free-lance before eventually deciding to accept the challenge of becoming a photo editor. I worked the next three years for Associated Press Photos as they leaped into the new computer digital technology age until June, 1993, when The Times persuaded me to rejoin the fold.

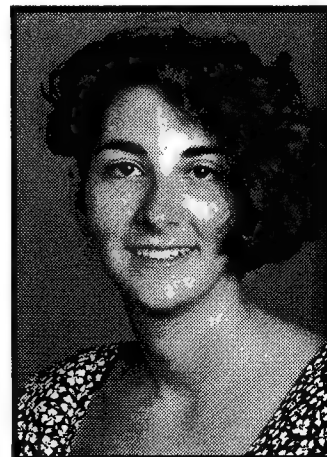
Leah Reiter

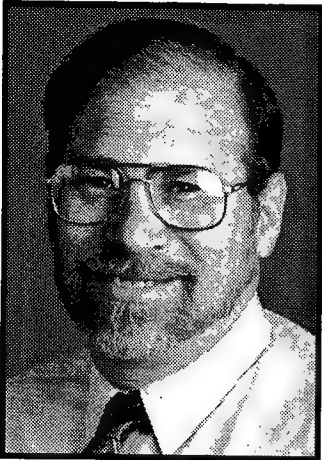
Valley Sports Editor

Leah Reiter joined The Times in May, 1994, as sports editor for the Valley and Ventura editions. Her first newspaper job was as a sports agate clerk for the San Bernardino Sun. That, coupled with too much time on the beach and the shock of average grades at UC Santa Barbara, pushed her away from law school and into journalism school at the University of Missouri.

Upon discovering that jobs for sports copy editors were scarce (amazing, isn't it?), Reiter turned to page design at the Long Beach Press Telegram. Some time later, she was offered the chance to do page design and editing at San Bernardino and remained there (almost continuously) until she left for The Times.

Before her arrival here, she had no free time and as such is only beginning to discover the world of hobbies and social activities.





Bob Rawitch

director of editorial operations
Valley and Ventura County editions

Sometimes the more subtle elements of journalistic ethics come later in one's career.

I got my first byline when my best friend in 10th grade, then sports editor of the high school newspaper, asked me to write up the B basketball game. "You're second string and probably won't play anyway, so you can write up the game," he said, explaining that the regular sportswriter was sick.

From the Birmingham High Courier (on which Mike Milken was a staff writer with me) to the Daily Sundial at Cal State Northridge, journalism was all that ever interested me. A summer internship at The Times in 1967—before going to Northwestern University for a master's degree—turned into an offer from then-city editor Bill Thomas of a staff job in Metro in June, 1968.

After a dozen years as a Metro reporter, four of them covering federal court, I moved on to editing as an assistant metro editor, Valley section editor, suburban editor and executive editor of the Valley and Ventura County editions. I took on my current responsibilities in 1993.

My wife Cynthia has been an associate professor of journalism at CSUN for 21 years. I have a daughter working on a double master's degree at USC and Hebrew Union College, and twin sons who start at Indiana University this fall. One may major in journalism and the other hopes to support his parents by majoring in business.

Bob Rector

assistant city editor

Often referred to as the "father of the disingenuous lede," Bob Rector was born on Christmas Day of 1941 in Hollywood, Calif. As fate would have it, that was the very year that the "nut graph" became a standard fixture of American journalism.

Raised on the hardscrabble streets of Glendale, Rector was influenced by the giants of the era such as Dwight Eisenhower ("beware the military-industrial complex") and Fats Domino ("baby, don't you let your dog bite me.")

Thus armed intellectually, he sailed through the public school system and, yearning to leave the cultural wasteland of Los Angeles, set off for San Francisco State University. There, he could often be found at North Beach coffeehouses avidly discussing topics ranging from Emersonian lifestyles to one-handed bra-unfastening techniques.

He distinguished himself at San Francisco State by writing an April Fools column in which he disclosed that the president of the Radical Students League was in fact a campus stringer for the Wall Street Journal. The reaction may have marked the beginning of student unrest on American campuses.

Brimming with education and idealism, Rector marched into the job market and landed a job selling women's shoes. Mercifully, for the nation's retail and podiatry professions, he eventually went to work for the San Francisco Examiner, where he did a little sports reporting, a little political writing, a little cop shop stuff, for a little salary.

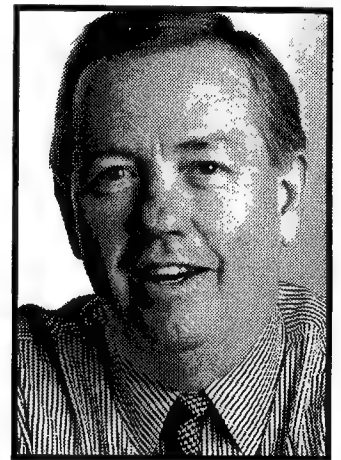
His next marching came on behalf of the United States Army. Trained as an infantryman at Ft. Ord, Calif., and as an advanced killer at Ft. Benning, Ga., Rector was assigned to Washington, where he protected the bars and eateries of the fashionable Georgetown area from attack by the Cambodian air force. It was there that he developed a taste for brie over bayonets and chose not to re-enlist. It was also there that he met his future wife, a CIA employee who to this day will only say she worked in "research and development."

Heading West again, Rector did three months hard time as a copy editor for the Herald Examiner and two years as a Daily News reporter/editor back when that paper was distributed free to every residence in the Valley. It was often said his byline appeared in some of the best hedges and gutters in the area.

The Times called in 1968 and Rector answered, beginning an odd and checkered 26-year odyssey that has seen him in such jobs as food section news editor (where he learned that you can't trim a recipe) to View editor (where he learned that a dirndl was a kind of dress, not an Eastern European hors d'oeuvre).

The lure of hard news drew him to Metro, where he was told that he would go far. Too late, he learned that meant Chatsworth.

But life has been good in the Valley. Awash in the coverage of Old Testament-style natural disasters and unspeakable criminal carnage, he often remembers the words of a famous man: "He devoted his life to community journalism."



Pamela Richard

administrative aide

Pamela Richard (a fourth-generation Californian) and her family settled in a new tract home in Granada Hills surrounded by strawberry fields, pumpkin patches, citrus groves and dirt roads.

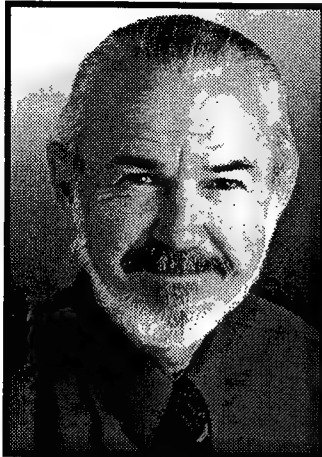
I attended CSUN and graduated with a BA in art with an emphasis in photography and graphic design. After graduation, I entered the teaching credential program and worked the lobster shift in the emergency room of a major hospital.

While substitute teaching, one of my friends asked me to apply for a job at Cablevision (formerly known as Valley Cable TV). After eight months, I was promoted to a mid-level management job and worked in the public relations/marketing department. I was responsible for planning the first pay-per-view press party for the company and the press party that dedicated the head-end site in Chatsworth. I worked on local origination and public access programs in the Encino studio. For 10 years, I worked in the cable television, advertising and point-of-purchase business. My last job prior to coming to The Times was at Financial News Network as a mid-level manager in administration and public relations. The company was in financial trouble and the SEC is still working on putting my former boss in jail for allegedly stealing funds from the

company.

I worked as a consultant for four months while the marketing department was set up for the Valley edition. When I stopped working freelance, I was hired to work in the editorial department.

I must admit that I enjoy working around cameras and especially live television studios. Some of the most interesting things I have done include exhibiting my artwork at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, working on a TV special for "Star Wars" and on a movie called "The Prophecy."



Perry C. Riddle

photographer

Born May 30, 1937. Rather disturbing that we always seemed to celebrate my birthday at the cemetery. By age 7, had moved three times in same Kansas prairie town, population 235. First home was one-room house; they called it "the little house." Moved from there to a former lumberyard building, then finally to a "normal" house.

Developed photography skills while majoring in education, speech and history at Emporia State Teachers College and the University of Kansas. Favorite photo subject: Harry Truman.

Joined photo staff of Topeka Capital-Journal in 1961. Favorite assignments: county fair dairy

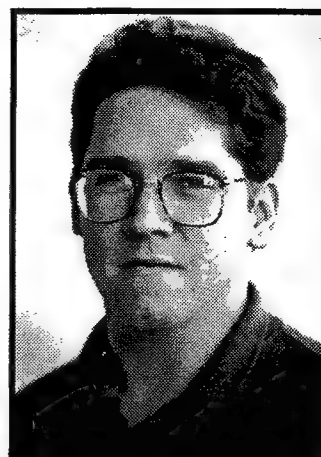
princess, Cook of the Week (not often), Stan Musial's last game and the awesome Topeka tornado (not a softball team).

Joined Chicago Daily News in 1967. News folded; moved to Sun-Times. Favorite assignments: Mayor Daley doing anything, the '68 Democratic Convention. Favorite sport: watching the Cubs at Wrigley Field. Favorite eatery: Billy Goat Tavern (I was younger then).

Chased out of town in 1984 with 71 other editorial staffers by Rupert Murdoch. Joined Valley edition in March of 1984. Favorite assignments: Valcol illustrations; spending a week on a big rig with Glionna; hearing Hillary Rodham Clinton, a native of Parkridge, Ill., say "that dog won't hunt" twice in a speech in Chatsworth.

Favorite awards: Chicago Better Government Assn. "Good Guy" award for investigative pix of CTA crews goofing off. Kansas, Illinois and National Photographer of the Year. Favorite publication: Chicago Daily News Alumni Newsletter (monthly).

After moving from North Hollywood to Thousand Oaks, now living in Larchmont Village with wife, Dianna, and playful Yorkshire terrier named Binky.



Dan Santos

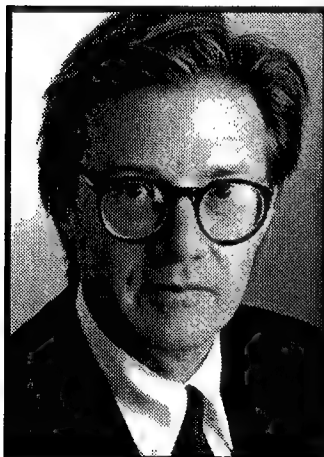
news editor

Started working as a news editor in the Valley on June 1, 1993. Primarily responsible for Ventura County Life and some daily Ventura edition pages. Came to The Times from

Youngstown, Ohio, where he was design desk chief at the Vindicator (daily, 90,000).

In his career, has held a variety of newspaper jobs. His first real newspaper job was at the Plain Dealer (Cleveland), where he worked as a copy clerk. Has also, at various times, been a reporter, sportswriter, photographer, copy editor, news editor, travel editor, book editor, editorial writer, advertising salesman and news-rack delivery driver, at daily and weekly newspapers in northeast Ohio.

Dan has been married to RoseMarie since 1985. They have two children, Daniel, 6, and Stephen, 2. They recently purchased a home in the Ventu Park area of Thousand Oaks.



John Schwada

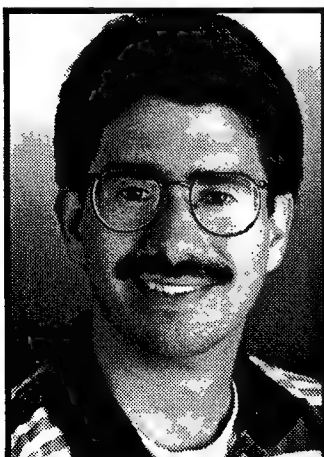
reporter

John Schwada joined the L.A. Times Valley edition in 1989. Since November, he has covered politics for the edition. Previously, he was City Hall reporter for the Valley.

Schwada grew up in Columbia, Mo., and Austin, Tex. (both college towns, where civilized people either attended or taught 15 hours of classes each week) and was married three decades later by a man with a large peace symbol around his neck on a houseboat in Sausalito Bay owned by a defrocked gynecologist. He met his bride-to-be in a library at UC Berkeley, where Schwada was seeking asylum from Richard Nixon's foreign policies and the world of work. This marriage roughly coincided with the closure of Schwada's life at das kapital of la dolce far niente, i.e., UC Berkeley (most noted achievements here: two BAs, an MA in history, a Phi Beta Kappa key, a slender volume of unpublished poetry, several tear-gas canisters and a head full of wrong-headed ideas about the nature of the universe).

Armed with a near-lethal mixture of miseducation, Schwada stumbled into journalism—doing time at the San Francisco Bay Guardian (where, among other things, he confounded the CIA by writing about their Bay Area operations while employing journalistic techniques now widely condemned as unethical) and at the more conventional San Diego Union and the Riverside Press-Enterprise (where he owned a pet French fry). By 1978, Schwada, breathing more water than air, landed at that noted temple of misfits, the L.A. Herald Examiner. Here, he once again demonstrated his taste for consorting with reprobates and demimondes by taking the job as the HerEx's City Hall reporter in 1981 and, over several years, won L.A. Press Club awards for reporting on the official misdeeds of his moral betters (including Mayor Tom Bradley's shenanigans). In a case of misidentification that rivals the 1953 sighting of intelligent life forms in Cleveland, the Los Angeles Society of Professional Journalists in 1989 named Schwada journalist of the year.

John is survived by his long-suffering wife, Tima; two forgiving sons, Alex and Jack, and sundry other genetic material (including a 99-year-old grandfather who knows the habits of crappie, bluegill and the lifestyles of shiftless courthouse lizards in bib-overalls). Favorite drink—martini (neat, extra dry and very cold). Favorite time in history—a long time ago. Favorite pastime—day-dreaming about golf and deserted beaches by the Sea of Cortez.



Carlos Selva

copy editor

I came to The Times Valley edition in May of 1993 after working for four years at the L.A. Daily News. I live in nearby Winnetka, about a three-minute commute from The Times. Born and raised in Los Angeles, I began a sojourn in 1983 when, upon graduating with a BA in print journalism from USC, my wife and I packed our bags and traveled to "cold" Boston. I spent a year at the Globe as a copy-editing intern before returning to sunny California to work on the desk at the Fresno Bee. We spent five years in "hot" Fresno before finally making our way back to "just right" L.A. in 1989, when I landed a job on the Daily News copy desk.

We have two daughters and a son. I'm a Dodgers, Lakers and Rams fan, and trying to raise my children likewise. But it's been hard with the dismal showing by my teams in recent years.

We're members of a small church, Hope Chapel of Sherman Oaks, which meets at an elementary school auditorium. Church events manage to keep us pretty busy.

We bought a home in Winnetka in April and, despite the recent earthquake, we plan on hanging around in the Valley for quite a while.



Julie Sheer
deputy graphics editor

Yet another transplanted Midwesterner, I traded cold, wind and the Billy Goat Tavern for sunshine, smog and Granita to work as a graphics reporter in the new Valley edition editorial art department in April, 1993.

The previous 13 years of my life in journalism were spent at the Chicago Tribune. The first 10 years, I worked in the sports department doing a variety of tasks, including agate, some desk work and outdoor reporting (for about four years, I was an expert on what bait was taking chinook in Lake Michigan and where the smelt were running). The last three years, I was in the editorial art department as sports and then national/foreign graphics coordinator.

Loyola University of Chicago is where I obtained a BA in sociology, for no apparent reason.

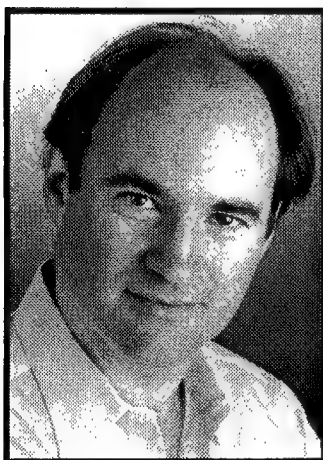
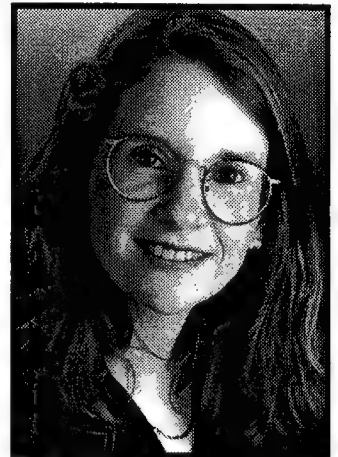
I live in Topanga, and my interests include most outdoor activities, including camping, cycling, hiking and anything having to do with the sun, beach and ocean. But most of my time these days is spent cleaning up after the path of destruction wrought by my 6-month-old Labrador retriever puppy, Molly.

Beth Shuster
reporter

Getting a new job can be an earthshaking experience. For me, it definitely was. I arrived here two weeks before the Jan. 17 temblor.

I cover schools and education (not necessarily the same thing) for the Valley edition. Before coming here in January, I worked for the Daily News, where I covered schools for almost six years. I also worked for the Riverside Press-Enterprise and States News Service in Washington. I was an intern in The Times' Washington bureau in 1983 and also worked in the New York Times' Washington bureau. I was also a copy messenger here during a summer vacation from college.

I went to UC Santa Cruz, where I majored in English lit and worked for the paper, City On A Hill. I am married and have two children.



Edward Silver
copy editor

I was born and mostly raised in Brooklyn and joined the great migration West in 1969. Underwent a UC education, then crisscrossed California and the country several times in the '80s. Moved back to New York in '85 and worked as an editor and also in the music industry, which was wonderful fun while it lasted. I decided to return to Los Angeles in '88, before turning green from the toxicity. I live in Westwood with the magnificent Joanne Imai and, grudgingly, her two cats. We are a yuppie couple, I mean foursome.

I have been with The Times for four years and have worked in about 10 sections of the paper. I became a Valley staff copy editor last year. My work background is mostly in magazines, including Esquire, Architectural Digest and The Times magazine, although regressive hypnosis has uncovered the dark memory of being features editor at the Herald Examiner long ago. Also a free-lance writer (New York Times/L.A. Times/Mother Jones), but who has the time when you're on the Valley desk?

My permanent interests, journalistic and otherwise, include politics and the arts, and my current fascination is technology.



Phil Sneiderman
reporter

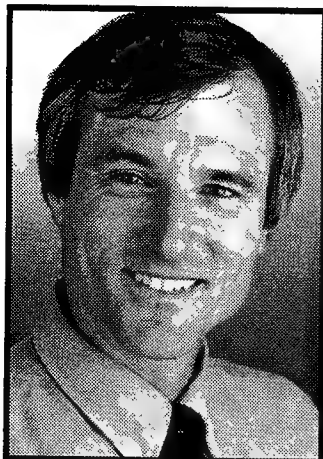
Born and raised in northwestern Pennsylvania along the sandy shores of Lake Erie, I became hooked on news writing in high school and earned my journalism degree at Syracuse University in Upstate New York.

After college, I pasted up classified ad pages, checked liquor store ads, snapped photos with an Instamatic camera and wrote articles, all for two weekly papers on Chicago's Northwest Side. I then edited a Chicago-based trade magazine for people who own Laundromats.

Tired of writing about detergents and coin changers, and reeling from severe winter snowstorms, I moved to sunny Southern California in 1978. Here, I spent more than a decade in the trenches of suburban journalism, reporting for the Burbank Daily Review,

the Orange Coast Daily Pilot and the Los Angeles Daily News. Along the way, I picked up two first-place Orange County Press Club awards for column writing.

Since joining The Times in December, 1989, I've reported from the Chatsworth, Glendale and Simi Valley offices. I've covered city councils, courts and cops; written countless features and helmed the Street Smart traffic column. In October, I rejoined the Valley staff to cover the Antelope Valley. This allows me to work gloriously close to the Palmdale home I share with my wife, Audrey Heller, and our year-old son Daniel.



Doug Smith

reporter

People ask me how I got this job. I tell them I'd rather not say. I was a walk-on 24 years ago. First, I was a desk assistant in the sports department (class of Narda Zacchino and John Thurber). I cut the sports wires, took the daily fish count, settled barroom bets (yes, Max Schmelling did beat Joe Louis in 1936) and wrote highlights of American Basketball Assn. games. My favorite duty was going into the composing room to pick up the galley proofs. I'd carefully count out three of each and spike these in the newsroom. Nobody would touch them until the end of the night. Then I'd clear the spikes and trash the proofs.

This qualified me to become a reporter in the Westside section in 1972. In those days, the prime qualification for a suburban reporter was someone who could be hired at O-1 scale. The Westside editorial staff of seven had a skinny row of desks in the back, next to the bathrooms. Not long after I left that bureau, it moved into its current plush quarters.

Suburban was getting a face lift in those days. One by one, the bureaus were moved into nice, bright offices and put in charge of first-rate editors.

My timing wasn't the best. I transferred through several bureaus, leaving each one just before it moved into its current plush quarters. But I had the good fortune to land one of those new editors when Charles Carter assumed leadership of the South Bay edition. Later, he came to the just-completed Chatsworth plant to start a new daily edition, and included me in its newly assembled staff. Back then, there were only 21 of us in editorial. The newsroom was half-empty. We wondered what would become of all that space.

I was a general assignment reporter. My forte was the story that contained no news. In those days, there was almost never any news in the San Fernando Valley, so my work was in great demand. I wrote every Around the Valley from 1984 to 1987, so I am still way ahead of everyone else.

I went to Glendale in 1987 as bureau chief. Since I didn't feel that I had yet filled my mission with Around the Valley, I started Around the Foothills, and continued writing it weekly for the next four years. My biggest thrill, though, was moving a suburban bureau into its current plush offices before leaving. I negotiated a five-year lease on an extra-large space so that, just like Chatsworth, it would accommodate future growth. Unfortunately, the edition has folded.

By then, I had moved on a couple of times. I decided to explore full-time editing and, in 1991, became assistant editor for the San Gabriel section. I had two exciting years there, but the adventure came to an end when the San Diego edition folded in January, 1993. The eddies of the northward tide of reporters and editors washed me up on the shores of Chatsworth again.

Sometimes people ask me what I do here. I tell them I don't know. I do what I'm asked and, when no one asks, I do what I think is right.

Stephanie Stassel

editorial researcher

I started at The Times in May, 1990, as the first designated obituary writer for the Valley section. Upon the expansion of the Valley section in April, 1993, I became an editorial researcher in charge of Today's Agenda, in addition to doing research on the half-page Valley Briefings that run semiweekly.

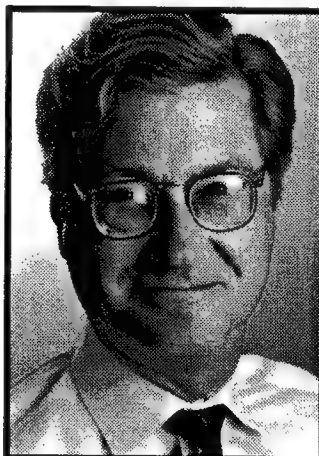
My interest in journalism began when my mother suggested that I would enjoy writing for my junior high school newspaper in Bakersfield. I remember we ran a story criticizing the cafeteria food, which wasn't well received by the administration. The principal made us write an apology for the next issue. So much for freedom of the press!

After graduating from high school in 1983, I moved to the San Fernando Valley to attend Cal State Northridge. After a year of boring general education classes, I realized

how much I missed journalism. I decided to transfer to Valley College, where I worked as a reporter and page editor on the Valley Star. After three semesters, I returned to CSUN, where I wrote for the Daily Sundial. On weekends and evenings, I was a reporter for the San Fernando Sun for a year. In the fall of 1987, I was fortunate to gain some invaluable experience during my internship at the Herald Examiner, which included the Pope's visit and the Whittier earthquake.

My first "real" newspaper job came in December, 1987, when I joined the staff of the Simi Valley Enterprise, with one semester of college to go. After a year at the Enterprise, I was hired as a reporter in the newly established Simi Valley bureau of the Daily News. A year and a half later, I was rescued by The Times.

I've been married since 1989 to Stephen Bluestein (not the comedian). My husband and I enjoy scuba diving off the Channel Islands and in the warm waters of Belize.



John Spano

assistant city editor

John Spano. Born New Orleans, La. Graduated Yale College, St. Louis University School of Law.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: city editor, state editor, Illinois editor, state-house reporter and political columnist, covered many local beats. Los Angeles Times: assistant city editor, Orange County edition, Ventura, San Fernando Valley.

Married to Susan Klein, vicar, St. Aidan's Episcopal Church, Malibu. Daughter Sarah, 6, who got consecutive hits in first at-bats in first Little League game.



Morrine (Mo) Sosnow

(a.k.a. "the computer lady")

Born and reared in Van Nuys (and many of you know how painful that can be).

Attended L.A. Unified schools (possible explanation for lack of writing skills).

Started working at the L.A. Times in September of 1974 (just a job until I can figure out what I REALLY want to do).

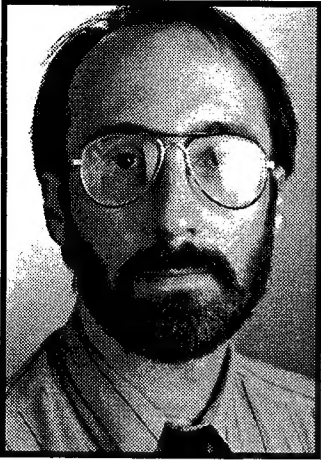
Took a leave of absence from The Times to live on a kibbutz in Israel in September of 1978 (just picking oranges until I can figure out what I REALLY want to do).

Returned to the L.A. Times in June of 1979 (will I ever figure out what I REALLY want to do?).

Remained at the L.A. Times since then.

Returned to my "ancestral homeland" (a.k.a. the Valley) in January of 1992 when transferred to the Valley edition of the L.A. Times.

Still haven't figured out what I REALLY want to do.



Barry Stavro
Valley business editor

Grew up in Lexington, Mass., lily-white, conservative Boston suburb, with only a few policemen in town who didn't have much to do except write parking tickets. It was so safe many neighbors never locked their front doors. Went to three colleges; Berkeley was the last stop. First job with degree in hand was on the "packer"; that's what us pros riding the back of the garbage truck called it. Noticed that after a day's work, many people veered away from me on the sidewalk. Then worked in a bank, then sold ads for an alternative weekly paper.

Then became impoverished and became freelance writer. On basis of one of my N.Y. Times Magazine stories that had some dollar signs and decimal points in it, got hired as biz writer for St. Petersburg Times for their new business magazine. Two years later, got hired by Forbes magazine; at Forbes, if you didn't get fired, you eventually became bureau chief, so I became Chicago bureau chief. I thought that I knew cold, but Chicago was different. One day it was 40 degrees below zero, and I dressed for it, long underwear, extra socks, fattest boots ever seen, heavily insulated mittens, etc., etc. Didn't help, still felt like I was walking naked inside a freezer with the fan on full blast.

Moved to Times seven years ago. Sometimes when the Santa Anas roll in, I think of Chicago.

My wife, Michele, is French, so our 5-year-old boy has two passports.



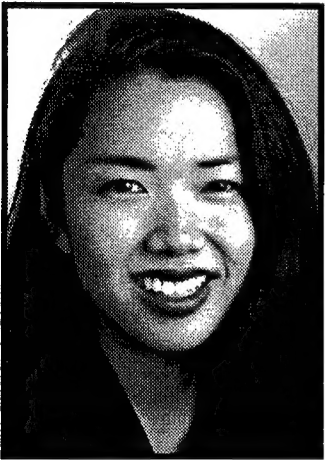
Jocelyn Y. Stewart
reporter

Jocelyn Y. Stewart was born in Los Angeles and grew up in South Los Angeles. She attended UC Berkeley and holds a master's degree from Columbia

University. She is currently studying Spanish through the Berlitz Language Center.

Jocelyn has worked in the San Fernando Valley office for nearly four years. Over the years, she has also free-lanced for numerous publications and written scripts for a nationally syndicated radio program. She is also writer/editor of an annual jazz calendar and an African American history calendar.

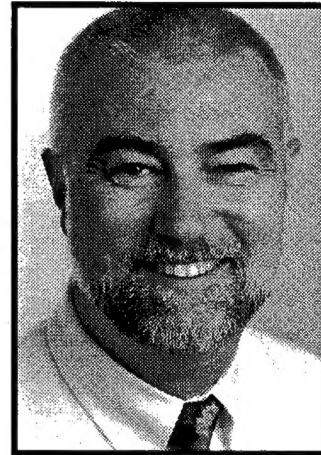
Last year, one of her radio programs was inducted into the Museum of Television and Radio in New York.



Julie Tamaki
reporter

Graduated from The Times' Metpro class in 1992 and was assigned to San Fernando Valley edition as a two-year temporary reporter. Over the last couple of years, I have covered night cops, general assignment and downtown courts for the Valley edition. I came to The Times from Seattle, where I double majored at the University of Washington in history and journalism. I covered the Washington Legislature twice while in college, including once for the Oregonian. I also spent a lot of time working for my campus newspaper, The Daily, where I held positions as a reporter, assignment editor and associate editor.

Before all that, however, I grew up in Spokane, the second largest city in Washington, located near the Idaho border. I'm the fourth of five girls in my family and the only one insane enough to become a reporter. (I originally toyed with the idea of becoming a hairdresser, but on a whim, I decided to go to college and pursue a career in journalism instead.) I'm currently waiting to find out whether I'll be permanently hired.



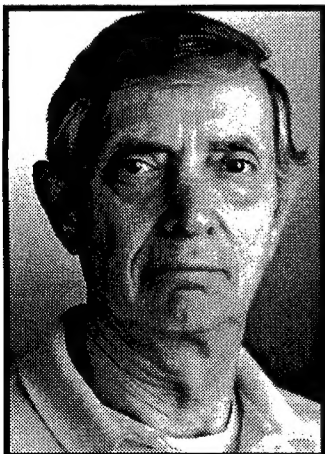
Ronald G. Weaver
librarian

Following graduation in January, 1976, from USC, where I earned a master's in library science degree, I went to work for the Los Angeles Times as an editorial librarian. In 1976, the

personal computer was years away and superhighways were built for automobile transportation. The Editorial Library was to remain a clip joint for another nine years, until 1985, when the Los Angeles Times database was introduced. Until June, 1993, when I was given the opportunity to work here in the Valley, I was involved in the development, implementation and daily production of the TimesOnline database.

I was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., the home of Upjohn pills and Gibson guitars, and I attended high school in Whittier, Calif. My wife Janet, a native Californian who is also a librarian, works for the county of Ventura. We live in Moorpark with our son Justin, a computer wizard and future NBA star, and our daughter Courtney, whose excellent taste in clothes and interest in figure skating will keep her parents in debt into the next millennium.

Since high school, my creative passion has been choral music. For the past seven years, I have been singing with Los Robles Master Chorale, formerly known as Moorpark Masterworks Chorale. We perform as many as five concerts each year. In the summer of 1990, we were fortunate to go on tour in Europe. The highlight of the tour was singing in the Salzburg Dom. My family doesn't share my enthusiasm for choral music. Before consenting to attend a concert, they want to know how long it will be and whether we will sing anything in English.



Bill Walker
sports copy editor

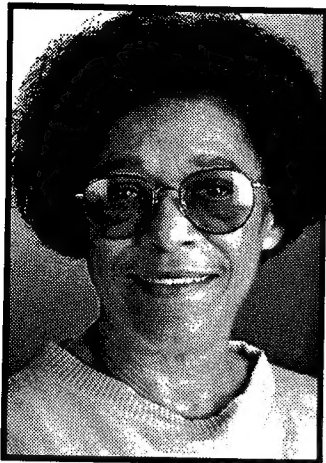
I'm not telling my age, and I'm entitled. After all, I've got more years spending paychecks at The Times (37) than most of my work associates have spent breathing on this planet and discussing rotisserie league strategy.

Few will remember Los Angeles State College, my alma mater, because it's now Cal State Los Angeles, and no longer has a football team. Did grad work at SC. Only the nonbelievers call it USC or, if you're an alien from someplace like Punxatawney, Pa., "Southern Cal."

Have moonlighted (moonlit?) on many of the smalls (the Daily News when it was the Green

Sheet—now that's old!—Glendale, Pasadena, the Hollywood Reporter, to name a few) and each, in its way, was appealing. But I never gave even perfunctory thought to leaving The Times, and that's no joke. It's a lifetime commitment and, if you have all day, I'll be happy to tell you why.

Speaking of lifetime commitments, if you have all day, I'll be happy to tell you why I love racquetball, too. Did I mention my wife? She's right up there, but not necessarily at No. 1. She also plays racquetball, so she understands, I think.



Shirley M. Wall

PBX operator

I've been hanging around newsrooms for quite a few years now. My uncle was publisher/owner of the first black-owned newspaper in Chicago, the Crusader. During summer holidays and weekends, I was allowed to help in so many areas—the news and pressrooms (my absolute favorites), advertising, circulation, answering phones, etc. You name it, I worked it at the Crusader.

Instead of following the family plan and studying journalism, I took the music route. I played violin at 9 years old and studied at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Later, I played in the Youth Orchestra of Greater Chicago, the Civic Orchestra and went on to win a scholarship at Northwestern University. Graduation in 1960 led to many string quartets, chamber orchestras and other orchestral assignments, including the Cleveland Symphony. I also completed additional course work at the University of Chicago in business administration. Opportunities were not so great then.

By 1965, my starving days as a musician had to end. I moved to L.A. and attended UCLA Extension (school of business) to complete my California teaching credential requirements. The project I was assigned to present in one of my methods classes was to design and implement a security department that included

background checks. One of my classmates worked at Pacific Architects & Engineers as an executive secretary. After my presentation, this lady asked if she could show my project to her boss. One month later, I was hired at that same company as director of security investigations.

This was a multibillion-dollar company involved in government contracts for rebuilding damaged, neglected and old military installations throughout the world. This position included extensive travel in the Far East, including Thailand, Vietnam, Korea, etc., with the home office in Tokyo. I remained with them through the Vietnam War.

In 1970, I was off to write in the War on Poverty and accepted a job at the Greater L.A. Community Action Agency in planning and research. My last job there was as a program specialist in early childhood development.

I have also worked as director of education at the Community Service Organization in East L.A., corporate administrator of a Korean-owned corporation and loan underwriter for a mortgage company.



Amy Weber

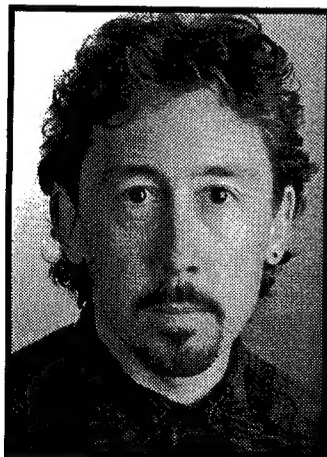
copy editor

As a part-time copy editor, many in the Valley office still don't know me after some months. Here's a tip: I'm the one with baby food on my clothes. Before taking leave to have a couple of kids, I was in the travel section at the Daily News, editing and writing lengthy pieces about such far-away places as Chico, Calif.

I came to Southern California in 1985 after graduating from

the University of Missouri-Columbia. After a couple of stints writing features at small weeklies, I began copy editing at the Hollywood Reporter, followed by the HerEx, then jumped (sinking) ship to the Daily News.

I live in Studio City with my husband, Glenn Abel, editor at the Reporter, and my daughter, 3, and son, 1.

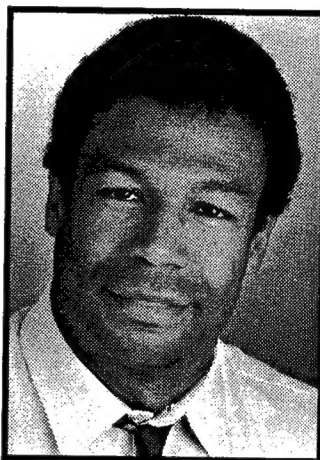


David Wharton

Valley Life! reporter

a.k.a. Lou Cheese of the thrill band the Salad Snobs. Born to a working-class family in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, home of that gritty Parmesan sound. Cheese was performing weeknights on the pier with a skiffle group when he met a cocktail waitress who

called herself Cherry Tomato and had previously fronted the blues band Totally Blind Kitty. They subsequently embarked on the San Fernando Valley arts-and-crafts circuit, playing for a time with Mike Stand of "Loady" fame and scoring a minor hit with the cryptic "Keep Your Eyes Open for a Big Spoon." The eventual addition of bassist Gigi DuJour and the Marquis de Sod, on lead guitar, solidified the foursome as it is presently, if barely, known.



Ron White

editorial writer

I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1956, a rare admission since I usually try to disguise my ties to this rust-belt burg by claiming allegiance to the Great Lakes region. I have an older sister, a nurse who has thankfully provided all of the grandchildren so far. My father was a prosecutor, judge and state bar examiner in Ohio.

I graduated from Williams College in 1978 with degrees in English and political science, having bored many

friends with reams of really bad poetry. I worked my way up from the bottom in this business, at first writing drivel called "Tidewater Notes" for the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. It consisted of public notices on matters of less than earthshaking importance.

Best editor: Robert H. Emmers, a fellow from Butte, Mont., who taught me how to write my way onto the front page.

Most exciting experience as a young journalist: getting hired by Bob Woodward of the Washington Post.

Worst editor: Bob Woodward.

I was a reporter and editor at the Post for five years before finding my real niche—editorial writing—in 1985. I'm now writing between four and five a week for the Valley edition and for the full-run editorial page.

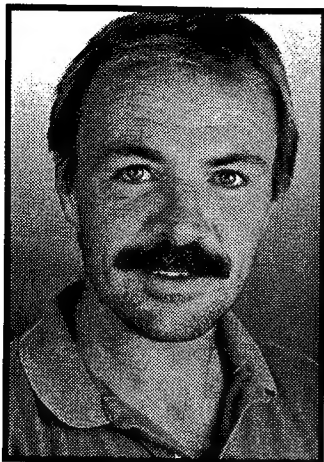
Favorite story so far: covering a bus ride by civil rights activists from New Orleans on their way to Washington for the 20th anniversary of the March on Washington. The ride took 27 hours.

Least favorite: being assigned to follow cops around at night (by Woodward).

Highlight of career: meeting Nelson Mandela on his trip to Washington. It took me two minutes to ask him a question I had studiously formulated for hours the previous night. His answer: "No."

Best reader response to story: piece on bales of marijuana washing up on shore of Dare County, N.C., having been dumped at sea by boat being pursued by the U.S. Coast Guard. Lifeguards reported record crowds at that beach on the following weekend.

How I learned not to take my job too seriously: a friend spent six months investigating a crooked city councilman in Norfolk and wrote a four-part series on his misdeeds. On the day his series began, there was a brief in the paper about a guy who got thrown out of the Granby Street cinema because he had brought his own chocolate chip cookies to the theater. The series on the councilman attracted five letters to the editor. The cookie caper got 60 letters...



George Wilhelm

photographer

I was born in Mannheim, West Germany, in 1952. My parents decided to pursue a dream and, in 1960, we packed up and left the old homeland to settle in West L.A.

Baseball kept my mind off the fact that I couldn't understand a word of English.

Not much happened between the ages of 8 and 18.

Went to San Diego State out of high school to major in soccer and watch Brian Sipe bring the State football program into national prominence.

In 1976, it hit me that someday I would have to get a real job.

I enrolled at Pierce College in Woodland Hills and, after two years, was lucky enough to land a full-time job as a staff photographer at the Thousand Oaks News-Chronicle. (The Chronicle boasts of many alumni now working at The Times.)

After two years, I decided that I'd had enough of that one-horse town and moved on to bigger and better things at the Enterprise in the two-horse town of Simi Valley.

Hard work and constant nagging finally paid off when The Times hired me in 1986.

Along the way, I managed to get married to a wonderful woman named Barbara. We made two beautiful children named Evan, 8, and Karly, 6.

In the little spare time I have, I play soccer, ski, fish and dream of the day that my son doesn't swing at a ball that's two feet over his head in his Little League baseball game.

Timothy Williams

reporter

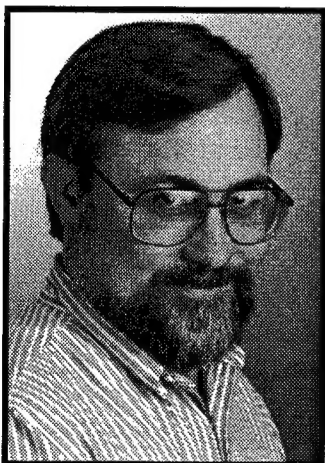
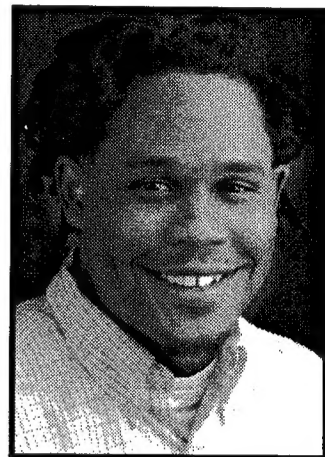
I am a two-year temporary reporter and former Metpro working in the Valley edition. I am a GA reporter.

I grew up in Fresno, Calif., and, after graduating from high school there, entered the U.S. Army in 1982. I was stationed in an infantry unit in a place called Baumholder, in the former West Germany.

After two years in the Army, I got out and started college—financed by a bonus I received while in the Army. I started at a junior college, San Francisco City College, before transferring to UC Berkeley, where I graduated with a degree in political science in 1990. Then, I enrolled at Berkeley's journalism school, where I finished in 1992.

During school, I worked as a stringer for the San Francisco Chronicle covering Berkeley and the university. I also free-lanced for California Journal, the Daily Californian and other publications.

In 1992, I came to The Times as a Metpro.

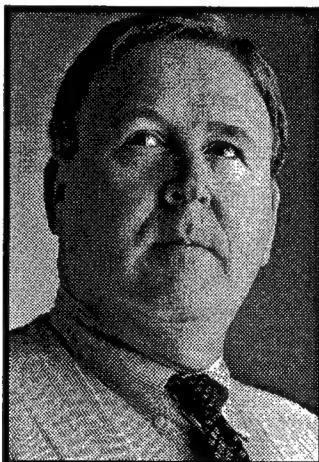


Chuck Wraight

copy desk chief

I came to the L.A. Times about four years ago at the start of the Ventura edition. Prior to that, I spent five years at the San Diego Union as a copy editor. Other experience included three years as city editor of the Chico Enterprise-Record, four years as a reporter-wire editor-copy editor at the Escondido Times-Advocate and four years as editor of two Sacramento County weekly newspapers (Folsom Telegraph and Orangevale News).

I am a journalism graduate of Pepperdine University.



Boris Yaro

photographer

Born in Des Moines, Iowa, on Patriots Day 1938. I attended a technical high school and majored in commercial art. I used to hang around the art department of the Des Moines Register & Tribune when I wasn't hanging around the Des Moines airport sweeping out hangars in exchange for flying lessons in a 1947 Piper Cub and developed a lifelong love affair with propeller aviation.

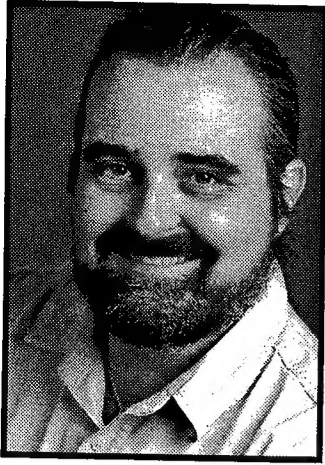
Backed into photography through my model railroading. Began taking pictures of my train "layout" with a Kodak Brownie Hawkeye. Camera wasn't sophisticated enough, so I saved my money and bought a used 4x5 Crown Graphic and took photography lessons at the YMCA.

At the University of Iowa's journalism department, I made friends with fellow student Jeremy T. Mosey (now of the AP New York), who showed me how to listen to police radios all night, chase ambulances and make the AP deadlines.

Began my journalism career at The Times as a "cop shop" reporter in the San Gabriel section when it was a daily and Sunday operation. Like all "zone" reporters, I was issued a Yashicamat camera and a batch of flash bulbs. Frustrated with the limitation of a twin-lens reflex camera, I bought my own Nikon FTN and a couple of lenses.

It was with the Nikon and a battered 28-millimeter lens that I made the [Robert F.] Kennedy assassination pix at the Ambassador Hotel.

I live in Northridge, where I have one wife, two kids and a demented cocker spaniel named Thumper.



Mike Zacchino
photo systems manager

It is somewhat fitting that I now work in the Valley. My first exposure with The Times was as an 11-year-old, tagging along with my sister when she was a reporter in Van Nuys. I was hooked on journalism from the moment I hung around the newsroom during deadline. But it would be more than 20 years before I'd get paid to do it.

Through eighth grade, I attended Catholic school, which for me was enough for a lifetime. I'm now a recovering Catholic, much to my mother's displeasure. From there, I

went to Helix High School in La Mesa, the same alma mater as Dennis Hopper and Bill Walton. I wasn't in drama, nor did I play basketball, but I did write for the school newspaper.

I attended Grossmont Community College in El Cajon, where I was the photo, and later, managing editor. I transferred to San Diego State and graduated in 1984 with a BA in history. After working at a commercial photo lab in San Diego for a year, I began working at the San Diego Union-Tribune. I stayed there until I decided that I really could live in Los Angeles. If you've ever spent a lot of time in a place like San Diego, you know what I'm talking about.

The Times hired me as a photo technician in September, 1989. I came to the Valley in April of 1993 as the photo systems manager. In my spare time, I'm involved with a Nicaraguan relief group, which raises money for schoolchildren in Nicaragua. I also enjoy bike riding, spending time at the beach and an occasional drive in the mountains.



Gail E. Corwin
copy editor

I've been at The Times only weeks. Was a copy editor at The Morning Call in Allentown, Pa., for five years, after three years on the desk at The Vindicator in Youngstown, Ohio.

Began my career in journalism as women's

editor (am I dating myself here, perhaps?) on a tiny—circulation less than 4,000—daily in New York state's Southern Tier. It was a great experience. In my seven plus years at The Wellsville Daily Reporter, I wrote features, obits and an occasional column, checked the police blotter, covered village, town and school board meetings, took and developed pictures for my stories, laid out pages and wrote heads.

A long time ago, I received a degree in English literature at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. And I grew up in Massapequa, N.Y.

My passions are my three daughters, all residing in California; music, from Elizabethan, Renaissance, choral, Bach and Handel to all kinds of jazz; theater; hunting for antiques, and being outdoors.